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Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

Fort Langley, Historic H.B.C. Post in British Columbia

Famous Fort Established in 1827 by Simpson Drove Boston Traders from West Coast and Helped Introduce British Institutions

By JUDGE F. W. HOWAY, F.R.S.C.

TO many of the people of British Columbia, Fort Langley is merely a name. The sum total of their information concerning it usually amounts to this. It is an abandoned trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, situated on the Fraser river about thirty miles from its mouth. In reality it is one of the most interesting historic spots within the province; for some decades it was one of the most important—indeed the most important—of the Company's forts in British Columbia.

Almost everyone knows that the Hudson's Bay Company was founded in 1670 and that for about a century of varying fortunes in peace and war, in good times and bad times, it had a monopoly of the fur trade of British North America. But in 1783 the desultory opposition which consisted in individual efforts with their inherent jealousies and consequent weakness was combined into a strong and aggressive association or partnership called the North West Company of Montreal.

Then began a long, hard, increasingly bitter, and constantly broadening struggle between the old Company and its young and vigorous rival, which after twenty years culminated in the battle of Seven Oaks, near Winnipeg, in which Governor Semple and some twenty others were slain. Out of evil frequently cometh good, and out of this bloodshed came the fusion of the two warring companies, which were united in 1821 under the name of the Hudson's Bay Company. This union was clearly an amalgamation, not a conquest; the name of the Hudson's Bay Company was retained by the unified interests because of the rights, vague and indefinite though they were, which were granted by the charter of King Charles the Second.

George Simpson, a young man from the counting house and who had been but a few years in the West, was placed in command of its interests in America, as Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories. It was, despite the disparaging remarks and opinions of the older and more practical men, a wise choice, for Simpson soon showed a complete grasp of the situation, not only as regards the daily routine and internal management of its affairs, but also on the broad lines of policy and development.

To unify the interests of the two concerns, now become one, and to rid the Company of the double equipment of forts and men (for in almost every place east of the Rocky Mountains wherever one company had placed a fort there its opponent had also built one) was a work requiring diplomacy and determination, which occupied him for about three years.

Thus, in 1824, Simpson had leisure to give attention to conditions west of the Rocky Mountains. At that time there existed some half a dozen forts or trading posts, on the headwaters of the Fraser and the Columbia; but on the coast there was only one, Astoria, or, as it was then called, Fort George, at the mouth of the Columbia river. From that point to the Russian settlement at Sitka, in Alaska, a distance of about seven hundred miles, no trading post existed; the whole of that great region, including the involved shoreline of our province, was exploited by the itinerant trading vessels from Boston—"the Boston Peddlers" as they were sneeringly denominated.

Simpson resolved to end this condition, to drive the American adventurers from the field, and to absorb into the Hudson's Bay Company the whole trade of that immense coastal area, which was then not British, as is so often stated, but only a sort of "no-man's land," to become the property of any nation that entered upon and took possession of it.

Having no trading vessel to flit from

place to place in opposition to the American vessels, he resolved to establish a fort in some well situated, central position which would draw the trade for miles in every direction. The first outward and visible sign of this inward intention was the dispatching of an expedition in the Fall of 1824, under James McMillan, to examine the vicinity of the mouth of the Fraser river for a suitable site.

It would be wandering too far afield to sketch the movements of this party from the time they left Astoria. The record of the journey has been preserved and is published in the Washington Historical Quarterly. No one can read of the way they portaged their boats—and they were each large enough to hold twenty men and their provisions and outfits—from the Columbia river to Shoalwater bay; how they dragged and poled them along the Pacific ocean shore to Gray's Harbour; how they pulled and hauled them by sheer brute strength from the Chehalis river to Puget Sound; how after ascending the Nicomekl river they dragged them eight or ten miles across Langley prairie until they struck the little stream we now call the Salmon river; without a thrill of pride in their courage and daring and a feeling of reflected glory in belonging to a race that could produce men capable of such things. Truly there were giants on earth in those days.

McMillan and his forty companions reached the site of the future Fort Langley in December, 1824. They record, with feelings we can well imagine, the downpour of "weighty rain" that greeted them as they neared Old Father Fraser. They navigated the river for a few miles beyond Mission and then made their way back to Puget Sound, sailing their boats out of the river, the first of white men to pass out of that river and the second to float on its waters. The report of the expedition was placed by Simpson before the annual council at Norway House, and, after some delay, instructions were given to build the fort.

Accordingly in the summer of 1827 the *Cadboro,* a trading vessel which in the interval had been sent out as a part of the design to combat the Boston traders and which was the first vessel to enter the Fraser, cast anchor at the site of the future Fort Langley and began its construction. The stolid Indians stood around looking gravely upon the work and discussing amongst themselves the various strange movements of the white men, as day by day the palisades grew into lines and then into an enclosed square, within which rose gradually the log walls and cedar bark roofs of the various buildings. Finally the post was completed and the trading goods landed; the *Cadboro* weighed her anchor, doffed her ensign, and saluted the latest born of the Company's forts; the guns from the fort's bastions thundered forth a response, the flag with "H. B. C. " in the field broke forth to the breeze and was lowered in salute; and the *Cadboro* sailed away leaving Fort Langley to sink or swim.

We can imagine McMillan and his associates now left to their own resources; a sort of civilized island in an ocean of savagery. Their nearest neighbours to the southward were at the Columbia river about three hundred miles away; to the eastward their nearest neighbours were at Fort Kamloops, also about three hundred miles distnat, but separated by the barrier of the Cascade mountains; to the northward the nearest habitation of the white man, the Russian trading post at Sitka,with an unchartered intervening region filled with savage tribes and with all sorts of unknown dangers; to the westward the rolling billows of the Pacific for thousands of miles. It was a situation calling for strong and resourceful men; our *de luxe* pioneers of today would perhaps not find it to their taste.

Langley prairie at that time was good beaver country; its sluggish winding streams were dammed by them and flooded the adjacent lands. The elk and the deer, the bear and the wolf roamed over its pathless solitudes, and found safety in the surrounding forest; while the marten, the fisher, and the mink hunted along the river banks. Trade in their peltries commenced immediately; and soon the Indians from Fraser mouth, from Vancouver Island and the islands of the Strait of Georgia, from Puget Sound, and the coast to the northward began to flock to the new post to exchange the produce of their winter's hunt for the white man's goods. These lynx-eyed traders had not, as many have supposed, their eyes blinded by beaver skins; they could recognize wealth in other forms. Soon they developed the riches of the Fraser fisheries which lay before them. In the rear was the magnificent Langley prairie, one of the garden spots of the province; there the first real agricultural work in British Columbia was done by the Hudson's Bay traders of Fort Langley.

One day in the latter part of October of the next year (1828) after the early darkness of the winter's day had settled down, a strange, weird sound was heard, a sound such as the hills and rocks of the land had never heard before. The traders were astonished; the Indians amazed. It came nearer; it became more distinct. 'Twas the sound of the bag-pipes skirling out the notes of the "Cameron Gathering;" and nearer still and nearer still, and now at length 'tis "Auld Lang Syne;" and presently through the darkness and the mirk appeared a canoe bearing Governor Simpson on his famous express voyage across the continent.

A day or two spent in rearranging the work, in making promotions, in settling difficulties, and deciding disputes, and the Governor sweeps out of sight around the point as he continues his journey to the Columbia river posts; and Langley, deprived of the stimulus of his presence, relapses into its monotonous fur-trading life.

Year by year, with assistance and with increasing fortune, Fort Langley struggled against the Yankee "peddlers." The advent of the steamer *Beaver* in 1835 and her buzzing from place to place and from tribe to tribe—a sort of ambulatory trading post—the building of the first Fort Simpson in 1831, the building of Fort McLaughlin on Milbank Sound in 1833, and the building of Fort Victoria in 1843, all assisted Fort Langley in the fight. In the letters that are still extant one can trace the gradual overpowering of the itinerant maritime traders; at the same time each of these factors which aided in killing the enemy aided also, strangely enough, in killing Fort Langley itself as a fur trading post.

But though the main business of fur-trading steadily diminished, the auxiliary businesses just as steadily increased. Fort Langley soon produced salted salmon sufficient to support her own people and the people of the Company's posts up and down the coast, with a surplus for export to the Sandwich Islands. So, too, her agricultural activities grew yearly. On the prairie behind the fort cattle and sheep and hogs were raised for the other posts and for export; but that which gave the great impetus to Langley's agriculture was the lease by the Company in 1839 of the "pan-handle portion" of Alaska. The rental was to be paid in farm produce; and this produce was soon obtained in great part from Langley.

Thus by the early forties the nature of Langley's return had changed greatly; furs were still included, but they had become quite secondary, fish and agricultural products assuming the more prominent positions. Then in 1846 came the Treaty of Washington, which drew the boundary between British and American possessions west of the Rocky Mountains. Though the Hudson's Bay Company's right to navigate the Columbia river was preserved, yet the red tape of custom's regulations and, probably the unrest amongst the natives owing to their difficulties with American settlers, induced the Company to look for a new road to their forts in the interior of British Columbia.

Up to this time all goods for these forts had been carried by bateaux up the Columbia river to Fort Okanagan, near the mouth of the river by that name, and thence by the "brigade" to Kamloops and on to Fort Alexandria, and thence again by water to their destination; and all returns from these posts had been taken out in the same way.

The Company determined to utilize a route entirely within British territory and selected the Fraser river. Fort Langley then became the point of transshipment. The *Beaver* brought the goods from Victoria to Langley, where they were loaded into bateaux and freighted up the river to Fort Hope, to which point came the "brigade" bringing out the winter's furs and returning loaded with the trading goods for the following season's business. Thus Langley assumed a new importance as a shipping point and every June saw it one of the busiest spots in all the Company's wide domain.

The goods for Kamloops, Colville, Alexandria and the northern posts are taken from the storehouses to the bateaux, and the strife is keen as to how many of the ninety-pound packages can be carried at once, how many in an hour, and so on. Loaded at last the flat-bottomed bateaux with sails and oars, poles and lines face the swift current of the already freshet-swollen river. Slowly, but surely they ascend; the work is so heavy and constant that there is no singing and the primeval forest on either hand gives back no echo of "*A la claire fontaine*" or "*En rouland ma boule*," so commonly heard on the eastern rivers.

Arrived at Fort Hope the bateaux await the coming of the "brigade." Frequently it is late, for the Hudson's Bay Company's trail from Fort Hope to Fort Kamloops led over a considerable elevation, and the snow was sometimes an impediment even in the month of June. A fine sight indeed was this "brigade"—this western caravan—with its hundreds of horses, "with," says Malcolm, "no broken hacks in the train, but every animal in its full beauty of form and color, and all so tractable."

We can see them, in single file, following the leader with his tinkling bell, winding and twisting along the narrow trail through the thick woods of the coast, in constantly changing light and shade; or again upon the open country of the interior where from a distance the moving "brigade" seemed some vast dragon of old tamed to do the work of man. And then the meeting of the two parties at Fort Hope! The exchange of news! The eager enquiries after friends! And the constant *regale!*

Imagination runs riot as one thinks of these yearly meetings, and one is tempted to linger filling in the details of a picture which few, if any, people now living have ever seen. But the end comes; the loaded "brigade" departs with the trading goods for the interior; and the loaded bateaux return to Fort Langley with the furs.

After the arrival of the bateaux from Hope, Fort Langley continues to be a bustling place for some weeks. Everyone is busy. in the counting, checking and sorting of the furs; in the beating, cleaning, and airing of the furs; in the final examination, listing and carrying of the furs to the press house; and then in the baling and packing of the furs into solid bundles for shipment to England; and all of this to be done against the daily expected arrival of the *Beaver*.

LOWER FORT GARRY, on the Red river, sixteen miles from Winnipeg, in the winter of 1903-4. The view was taken just after the arrival at the fort of several dog trains with fur from Norway House.

So runs the life in Fort Langley for years and years. Then suddenly the news goes out to the world of the existence of gold in the bars of the Fraser, and, into the unorganized territory, which later became the colony of British Columbia, thirty thousand adventurers rush pell-mell, not like rational creatures but rather like creatures being controlled by some outside influence—just as though Aladdin had rubbed his lamp and bidden the obedient Genii to people the land.

Langley, being the only habitation of the white man on the lower mainland, was naturally the Mecca to which these pilgrims came, first by means of their own boats and canoes, and later by the passenger steamers that soon made their appearance. Thus Fort Langley obtained added prominence as a starting point in the great gold rush. It was the one fixed spot in a community in a state of flux. It became a centre around which were grouped the ephemeral buildings and the tents of this moving, mutable mass of humanity.

The imperial government at once, on the suggestion of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the secretary of state for the colonies, determined to constitute the mainland into the colony of British Columbia; the colony of Vancouver Island had then existed for about nine years. The act of parliament forming the colony was passed in August, 1858; and on 19th November, 1858, an historic ceremony took place in connection therewith, which entitled Langley to be called the *birthplace of British Co-*

lumbia; it was the formal launching of the colony of British Columbia. There Chief Justice Begbie was sworn into office; he then administered the oaths to James (later Sir James)Douglas as the governor of the colony; and thereafter certain proclamations by Governor Douglas, which were necessary for the complete formation of the colony, were promulgated. It was the greatest day in the history of Fort Langley. Rear Admiral Baynes, Chief Justice Cameron, of Vancouver Island; Captain Prevost, Captain Grant and many other and lesser notabilities were present to grace the occasion.

Governor Douglas, it is said, desired to make Fort Langley the seaport town of British Columbia, and actually considered the desirability of creating it the capital of the colony. He did not, however, do this; though it is probable that, if left to his own devices, he would have done so. At this time the laws of the colony were made by the governor alone, and he was accustomed to issue these laws from time to time as he moved about the land and found conditions requiring them; many of his early proclamations, as these laws were called, were promulgated from Fort Langley.

The mining inrush ended the period of barter and brought the period of sale; it therefore spelled disaster to the little fur trade still remaining at Fort Langley. The termination of the lease of the Alaskan strip ended the *raison d'etre* of its large farming operations; the advent of farmers and the growth of general farming in the colony caused the Company to abandon this line of operations. The celebrated Hudson's Bay Company farm at Langley Prairie was soon afterwards subdivided and sold in blocks of about one hundred acres each, and ,thus laid the foundation of that rich and prosperous farming community.

So too the fisheries. Having shown to the people the wealth which lay at their door, the Company seemed contented to leave its further exploitation to private hands. Thus shorn of its two adjuncts, Fort Langley entered upon its last phase—a mere shop for the sale of goods to all comers. And so it continued until the middle nineties, when it was decided by the management to abandon the spot.

Fort Langley as a Hudson's Bay Company's post had reached the allotted span of life; it was almost threescore and ten years of age; and it sank into its grave full of honours and after a life well spent. It had during its existence driven the Boston traders from our shores; it had shewn the wealth of the region in river and farm; it had aided in keeping British trade within British dominions; and as its crowning glory, politically, it had assisted in establishing British institutions in our land.

H. B. C. Old Fort Reserves to Be Farm Plots

By C. E. JOSLYN

Land Department

THE Canadian National Railway, branch line (formerly Grand Trunk Pacific) from Prince Albert to Young, Sask., crosses the Company's reserve at Prince Albert from west to east. To the north of the railway lies the Company's townsite subdivision, commonly known as East Prince Albert, or Goshen; to the south is a large acreage undeveloped as yet, part of it being occupied temporarily by the Prince Albert Golf Club.

This portion of the reserve to the south of the railway is now being subdivided into farming plots of twenty to forty acres, and upwards. The reserve is immediately adjacent to the city, hence these plots will be particularly well suited for market gardening, poultry raising, dairying and for general farming purposes.

John S. Fowlie, the Company's local sales solicitor at Prince Albert, reports a keen interest in these farm plots. He already holds tentative applications for several of the plots and looks for a brisk sale when they are put on the market.

Last year the Company's reserve at Fort Qu'Appelle, exclusive of the townsite, was subdivided in a similar manner and every parcel has been sold. This year in addition to the Prince Albert reserve, the reserves at Fort Pitt and Fort la Corne have been laid out into farming plots and will be placed on the market when conditions warrant.

NORTHERN FOXES

Their Habits and How They are Trapped

By C. H. FRENCH

THERE are many kinds of foxes, but I propose to treat with North American kinds only, as I am not sufficiently acquainted with the habits of the others.

The red, cross and silver foxes are from the same mother. The cross fox does not get its name from its being an offspring of red and black parents, but from the clearly defined cross on its back, over the shoulders.

Foxes are fleet of foot and very timid, requiring years of breeding to tame sufficiently to take food from their keeper's hand. Even then they will immediately take cover on the approach of a stranger.

Foxes run in February and gestation takes fifty days, pupping in March and April. They are born blind like kittens, opening their eyes in about three weeks. During this three weeks the male fox brings food to the female mate and when the young commence to take hard food he brings their food as well.

Farmed foxes are separated before the young are born, otherwise the male might kill the young. The difference in this respect between farmed and wild foxes is that the wild select their own mates and like them, while the farmed animals must take the mates given them by their keeper.

Even the females on farms will kill their young, mostly through being nervous, and trying to hide their young by scratching a hole and burying them. They handle the young with their mouths by the neck, just as a cat does her kittens.

To have their young they dig holes in the ground for the purpose. They do not live in these tunnels longer than it takes to make the nest and rear the young to three months old, when they become wanderers, almost constantly engaged in hunting food.

The house is built in a high ridge of sand, so that it is perfectly dry and easy to scratch out. He cannot burrow in the gravel nor can he go down at a greater angle than, say, 40 degrees. There are two burrows made, about 20 feet between them, on the outside, but they both come together at the den, say, 12 feet in the hill. This provides ventilation and a means of escape from a foe. When about a month old the young come out and play around the entrance but never leave it very far, until about ready to hunt for food, when the scope of their wanderings is gradually increased. Up to three months old foxes have no top hair, retaining their first wool, which is dark, and does not at all denote the colour the animal will be when full grown.

Of late years a number of young foxes have been taken alive for breeding purposes. This has been accomplished by first finding the den, then by making a slight noise to scare the little fellows into their house, then rushing up and blocking both entrances and digging with shovel on one tunnel after blocking the other as close up to the den as possible. When one gets in far enough to reach them with a stick a snare is arranged and poked in over a head or foot. The fox is pulled out and put in a wire basket previously prepared for his reception. They are very quick with their sharp teeth and great care must be taken to see that they do not bite. Taking them by the hind legs is the safest. Ranchers have pincher-like tongs to catch them around the neck and a hook arrangement for the foot, such as Chinamen use to catch chickens.

The main food supply of foxes depends on the country they are in. In the far north fatty foods seem to be their favorite, while in central British Columbia lean meats such as rabbit, grouse, ptarmigan, eggs, and dead fish that wash up on the shores of lakes and rivers are preferred by foxes. Dead animals of any kind are quite palatable for them, provided the carcass has lain a long time. If fresh, the fox will shun it, I think more from fear than from matter of taste, because he will kill a rabbit and eat it immediately, proving that he likes fresh meat.

During the day most wild animals sleep and their roaming and hunting are done at night. Foxes are no exceptions to this rule. When ready to sleep during the day in winter they will spring up on top of a stump that may have two or three feet of snow on it, and make a nest in the centre. This gives them a clear view and good scent to detect their enemies as well as a high, sunny nest to sleep in.

Red, cross and silver foxes have from two to eight puppies, which are developed sufficiently to breed the following spring, but the animal has not obtained maturity of growth until the third year.

Foxes are different than most other animals in that the male has darker, fuller and more lustrous fur, though not so fine in texture, as the female.

First-year red foxes are flat in fur. Second-year foxes show improvement, but it is not until the third year that they can be said to reach perfection in colour, size and wealth of fur. Weights and sizes are larger than the blue or white.

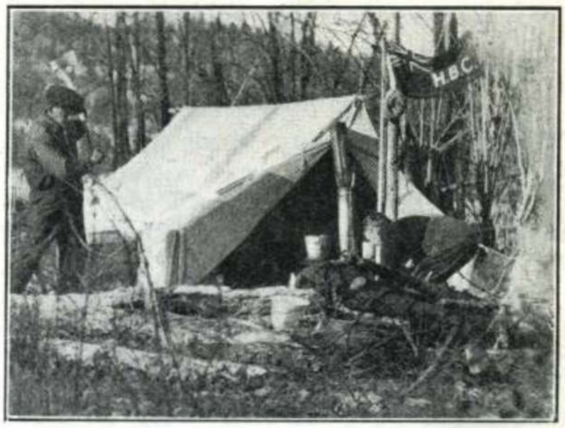
They are trapped with the aid of steel traps, exclusively, which are set on selected spots on a lake or river shore or a prairie-like country. They are very wary and it takes an expert to catch them. In some localities poison is used but in British Columbia poisoning is prohibited by law.

The blue and white fox are from the same family and inhabit only the Arctic regions. In fact they are called Arctic foxes by most people.

The mainland skins are the most valuable, just as is the case with all other animals who inhabit both the islands, coast and interior. The interior animal is finer in fur with a more beautiful colour. In the whites, for instance, when prime they will be found white clear to the pelt, while the island white will be blue at the pelt and for perhaps one inch up on his fur.

Whales are the principal source of food, besides walrus and other sea animals that may die and drift ashore. When the food supply is good the fur is better than when the animal is poor. All fur-bearing animals seem to carry the fur-producing requirements in the hide. In the summer when there is no fur to support, the hide gets very thick, but when the fur is full grown the pelt is thin and papery, and the finer the fur the thinner the leather. All coarse-furred animals, whether prime or not, have heavy leather.

The United States government are farming blue and white foxes on St. Paul and other islands in the Alaskan waters, proving that they can be grown that far south, but of course not with as good quality as the more northern ones.



MAKING CAMP on the Athabasca. The stooping figure is that of Captain Thos. P.O'Kelly, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office, who is trying to start a blaze to "boil the kettle" while his companion splits kindling.

Fur Conservation

WE have passed through an era of shipbuilding, and we marvel at the vast quantities of tonnage that have been set afloat, but these achievements were easily dwarfed by the shipping turned out and operated two hundred years ago. I say this because everything done during the early times was done only under the greatest handicaps — without money, without material and without men.

Rivers and lakes were the roads of Canada, and they were much used. Astonishingly long and difficult journeys were made on them.

Alexander Mackenzie travelled from east to west shores of our continent, and from southern boundary of Canada to that vast Arctic, not by steamboat or palatial train, but by canoe or dogs, or on foot. Earlier than this, the fur trader did travelling feats equal or perhaps more wonderful than did Mackenzie or Sir George Simpson, and in so doing they were making Canada.

The time is now come when the canoe and the ox cart are replaced by steamers, and the Hudson's Bay Company is not lagging. They are meeting the necessities of the times just as fast as the necessity becomes apparent, and today, instead of the canoe and dog trains being of first importance in the fur trade organization, they are being shed back, until only the fringe of civilization is privileged to see them.

The wild life of our country follows the canoe, and when one enters a country that has darting here and there the birchbark or dugout canoe, he can rest assured that big game is in abundance. Civilization and colonization do not go hand in hand with the wild life of the country. When colonization arrives, the fur bearer must disappear.

This is the law for many reasons, and I need only allude to one or two of these reasons to convince you that this statement is correct.

First—All food required in abundance has gone with colonization, such as berries, grouse, birds, eggs, etcetera.

Second—Timber as shelter to the fur bearer and its food has disappeared. Because of this timber disappearance the beaver has no chance to exist—he must have it for food.

Conservation as preached by the modern man is rather amusing. Conservation can only be successful when organized along common sense lines. Meanwhile the trapper is harassed, and an asset put in our hands to enable us to develop and organize our country is being wilfully wasted.

My Lady asks for furs, and as she will never take "No" for an answer, we must prepare to supply her wants. To this end the "Lady Kindersley" has been built for the purpose, not only of giving My Lady furs, but for the purpose of giving her the very best furs that are produced in the world.

Not alone will this ship supply My Lady with dainty neckpieces of soft, warm furs, but it will supply the little Eskimo with candy and toys for Christmas—and what Christmases they spend singing, dancing and general rejoicing, in spite of the fact that for six months the sun has not shone and the temperature is 60 degrees below and their houses are made entirely of snow.

The mother and the father Eskimo must also have their wants served. The bow-and-arrow is discarded for the modern rifle, while the stone axe is replaced with that made of steel.

The Eskimo does not come to the edge of the ice to meet the boat, but the ship must plow her way into the ice fields for perhaps one thousand miles before she decides to turn back, and it will be a frequent pastime of her crew to step over her side and take their morning exercise by running along on the ice, as well as prospecting for fresh water which is found in indents lying on the ice tops.

In order to constantly fill the fur wants of My Lady, conservation will become necessary, but when that time comes it will be known that there is a right and wrong way to conserve the fur supply, and the ideas at present being carried out will be dropped.

In 1900 there were no reindeer on the Seward peninsula, while today there are 200,000 because intelligent conservation is being sensibly practised.

In 1912 there were 197,000 fur seal on St. Paul and St. George islands, while today notwithstanding the fact that from 20,000 to 30,000 skins have been taken each year the seal herd has increased to 300,000 and it is estimated that the United States government can continue to take millions of dollars' worth of skins from the islands, and that in 1926, when the present pelagic treaty expires, the herd will number 3,000,000.

Come closer home, and think of Wainwright Park in Alberta, where there are 800 head of buffalo, many elk, moose and other deer.

The conservation of every fur-bearing animal can be just as successfully carried on as have been those just mentioned, and I can see in the not distant future such firms as the Hudson's Bay Company taking the leading part in wild animal life conservation.

To those interested in fur farming let me say that the whole subject is having scientific investigation, even today, and before long much valuable information will be available. This information does not lay enough stress on the necessity of operating such farms in countries able to produce the best furs. It is just as reasonable to try to raise bananas in British Columbia as it is to raise good fur bearers on the coast or in California. That can only be done in a country where nature compels the animal to cover itself with warm, comfortable clothes instead of flimsy "bathing suits."

Furs having their origin in the coldest countries, then, are the best in texture and quality, but as colour is a big factor in fashion it must be considered in furs. A well-timbered country provides food and shelter and is always preferable to the open tundras, but as open tundras have only fur animals of white colour to support, it can be said that here again natural instinct is apparent.

The Hudson's Bay Company feels itself so much beholden to My Lady that they propose to supply her wants from the great forests of Russia, where alone is found that most aristocratic of all furs, the Russian sable. There will also be brought from that far-off country Russian squirrel that My Lady has sought so much after, and red fox—those glorious deep-coloured, deep-furred kinds only procurable in that quarter of the world.

Brain Cells

SCIENTISTS estimate that in each man's head there are about eleven million brain cells. Before the mind can function, some of these cells must be exploded. The average man uses only about 5000 cells. If a man could wake up all his brain cells he would become an intellectual giant.

The Lion's Share

After the harvest was gathered Capital and Labor fell to disputing.

"You would not have been able to reap without me," said Labor, "so I think I should have all the harvest."

"There would have been no harvest to reap without my foresight, my land and my machinery," replied Capital. "I took the risk, and when I have paid you for your work I am through."

Being unable to agree, they consulted a Lawyer.

"Labor has the most votes," remarked this worthy, "and so deserves the harvest; but Labor cannot be trusted with the seed corn in these days of silk shirts."

Accordingly he divided the grain into three piles. "There," said he, pointing to the smallest pile, "is Capital's share. This," indicating the middle-sized pile, "is Labor's wages."

"What is the big pile?" asked Capital and Labor together.

"That," replied the Learned Man, "is economic loss due to friction in the relations of men." And he began to shovel the large pile into his wagon.

—*Life*.

Sixty Miles by Dog Team to a Dance

By L. G. MAVER

Great Whale River Post

IT is the ambition of an apprentice clerk, in the Company's service, after a short time in the country, to be able to handle a team of dogs, and he views in imagination a picture of himself dressed in spotless white jumper, and fringed beaded leggings, driving a swift team of dogs, with loud, flashy harness, up to some neighbouring Post where all the natives will be assembled to witness his arrival.

During my first year in the Honourable Company's service I had this ambition, and waited anxiously until I had a chance to fulfill it. The chance came at last, while I was stationed at Attawapiskat Post, when I had to take a load of furs in to Albany, a post some sixty miles south, where the furs collected at Attawapiskat were packed for shipment

I commenced preparations for the trip with great zeal, first giving strict orders about the kind of jumper I required, and the leggings with heavy beadwork necessary for a special trip of this sort.

With an anxious eye I watched the garments being made, and I suppose I rendered the life of the squaw who made the clothes quite miserable with my repeated inquiries, "When are you going to finish that job, *Kil-lee-pee?*"

Everything was ready at last, and on a beautiful morning in December I made a start, and you can believe I did not "fancy" myself very much, when with loud whip-cracking and lots of good wishes from the people I gave the dogs orders to march.

My companion on this trip was a priest from the Catholic mission, and as he could only say a word or two in English, and my French made the dogs turn round now and again to see what was up, our conversation was of a very mild character.

The ice on the river was good, and we made a quick run down to the mouth, where we found the snow a little soft, but not enough to prevent the dogs from keeping up their steady trot. Kepasko, an H.B.C. winter post, was reached about noon, and we stopped for a cup of tea. An Indian

Camaraderie of the Northland, when Men of the H. B. C. Meet on Wilderness Trails

arrived from Albany and handed me a note from my colleague, Mr. Griffiths, the clerk at that place. On reading the note I found that there was going to be a big feast that night, followed by a dance, and as I had already seen one or two country dances, I made up my mind that I must get in to Albany in time to attend the festivities.

I started to pack up and as the distance was not more than forty miles, I thought that we could easily reach the place that night, so I left out the tent and stove and some other things, to make the load as light as possible. Without losing time I made a start for the "bright lights," and after getting out on the river, we hit a straight line for Albany; but we had not gone five miles when it began to snow heavily, and my chance of reaching the post that night began to look rather slight, but hoping the snow would let up soon, we mushed along at the best rate we could. Instead of letting up, the snow came down more heavily than ever; big wet flakes, the kind that soaks you through in no time, and makes the trail worse than hauling the sleigh over sand. Our rate of progress was very slow, and getting worse all the time.

It was dead calm all this time, the snow falling straight down, and so thick that one could hardly see the leading dog. It was all guess work about the direction; with no wind there was nothing to guide us, so we had to go blindly on, trusting to luck to see us in the right direction. It was worse than being in a heavy fog at sea without a compass.

Stopping the sleigh, so as we could enjoy a short smoke sitting on the load, I turned to the priest and said, "We are in the soup all right, Pere, eh?" "Oui," he replied. "Soup, she bon; pelaps soon find some, if night come not too fast."

"Yes," I returned, "Pelaps, but we have got to get out of this *soup*, before we get into some other kind." To which the good father replied, "Ah, ha, soon we get to Albany, then very fine soup we get."

This conversation did not cheer me very much, as I really had not the slightest idea if we were going in the right direction, and to make matters worse, we were so far out from the land that I did not like to turn the dogs round so that we might get near enough to the beach to find a piece of driftwood to enable us to boil our kettle and make a cup of tea, so we kept plodding along, helping the dogs now and again to pull the sleigh.

We were about all in after it got dark, but still struggled along, and at last came to the rough ice, which I knew to be the north side of a river called Chikney. We went on, a little more cheerful and expecting to reach the house that night, as the distance was about fifteen miles. When we reached the North river at Albany we might expect a little better travelling, as there was always a lot of Indians going in to the Post from the north side of the river.

I decided to leave the load of fur at this river, as it could be easily reached from the house at Albany, so that with the light sleigh I thought the snow would not bother us very much, but I found I was badly in error, as after five hours' travelling, we got to the North river, and made a cache of the fur, covering it over with the sleigh wrapper.

We were both dead tired by this time, as we had walked nearly all the way from Kepasko, and had not eaten anything for about twelve hours. But the Post was close now, and hoping to get on a harder trail, we had a smoke and let the dogs have a short rest, after which we headed them up the river. We had not gone a hundred yards when I could see that our hopes of a better trail were doomed, as the soft weather and the heavy snowfall had collected lots of water on the ice, and if the going had been bad before, it was now "something awful." The dogs were up to their bellies, and the snow was coming down as thick as ever, and the further up the river we went the worse the snow became. At last I asked the priest to walk ahead of the dogs, so that they would get a little encouragement, as by this time they could not pull the empty sleigh. It required our utmost efforts to move the sleigh at all. I warned the Father not to go too close to the bank, as the water was collected along the ground ice, but the darkness and the still heavily falling snow confused him, and do what he might, he was always bringing up against the bank.

Talk about hard work! Well, what with lifting the sleigh out of the slush every minute or so, and pulling on the traces to help the dogs along, I was just about finished, and my voice sounded as weak as a young girl's, with calling out and yelling at the dogs. The priest too came in for some of my blessings, as I thought that he was keeping near the bank so as he could not lose his way, and this of course made it worse for me having to haul the sleigh out to the middle of the river.

There is always a bright side to things, and this was no exception, as just when I was thinking of giving the whole thing up, and having a sleep on the sleigh, the dogs suddenly brisked up, and made a run for the woods, where we found the trail running across the island to the house, and as there had been much traffic over it that evening, the trail was fine and hard, except for the loose snow that had fallen during the day, but this did not bother the dogs much as the trail was hard underneath. They got good footing, which enabled them to hike up the path at a fairly quick trot, which I thought was marvellous after their hard trip down.

It was just about 4 a.m. when we came round the corner of the store and suddenly the light of the dance hall flashed into view, and the noise of our approach made the people in the hall flock out to see who was coming in so late, or rather so early, and the first person I shook hands with was my old friend "Griff," who gave me a boisterous welcome, and carried me off to his house, letting some of the servants unhitch the dogs after the trip.

On getting inside my hospitable friend said there was no hot stuff to drink, but he could give me some excellent home-brewed beer and some of the cake made for the feast, which he said had been held the evening before and was a huge success. The beer tasted good to me, without the addition of the cake.

"Griff" insisted on my going over to the dance, which he said was only beginning to get lively, so he and I stepped across, and getting inside he thought that a dance would be just the thing after my trip, but as I thought a coffin would be more in my line the way I then felt, I said I would watch the efforts of the rest, which I did, but after seeing a few dances and beginning to feel a little more like my old self, I at last consented to take part, and strange to say, the deadly tired feeling that I had on first entering the dance hall passed away and I felt as good as ever I had been, so I did not need any pressing from "Griff" to make me "toe the line" for the rest of the dances, which we kept up until breakfast time, when I sat down to a glorious meal and ate as if I had been starving for a month.

I was told by Mr. Patterson, the manager in charge of Albany, that the Indians had said they had never seen so much snow fall in so short a time, and he expected to have a hard time locating the cache of fur I left the night before, but on the road north again to Attawapiskat I found without any trouble the stuff we left, and sent it back to Albany by the team which accompanied us from that Post.

The priest who was my companion on the trip suffered rather badly, as he could not get out of bed for a fortnight after reaching Albany.

Think About Your Dogs

By C. H. French

THE conditions that prevail in different parts of Canada regulate the kind of transport that is used, and in certain sections it is yet a necessity that dogs be used as the only means of transport during the winter months.

I love dogs, and while during the years that it was my lot to make some of them work, I thought by being severe I was really being kind. It only took a slight knowledge of the policy adopted by Eskimos and whites of the North Pacific to show me that what I thought was necessary was far from it.

I have now concluded that cruelty is never as effective as kindness and that in order to get dogs to do a day's work, cruelty is never necessary.

Perhaps one of the greatest mistakes made by dog drivers is to expect too much from their dogs, consequently they are always tired and need constant urging to complete the task set for them each day.

All wild animals travel better at night than in the day, and dogs yet have many of the wild animal instincts. They will go days without eating, and when they do eat they will take all they can possibly store away. It is for that reason that they are fed only once each day, and that after their work is over in the evening. This same object could be accomplished by feeding heavily at night and very lightly in the morning and at midday.

This is an appeal for the dog. Give him a square deal, just as you are taught to give the Indian, your customer, and your employer a fair deal.

The dog should not be expected to do more than he is physically capable of doing, but when urgent necessity compels one to force his dogs until they are "all in" or their feet are cut and worn down to the bleeding point, see that their feet have care and that they are rested and nursed back to sound health.

At night when the thermometer reaches from 10 degrees to 50 degrees below zero, dogs should be provided with a reasonably warm sheltered place to rest. If this is done they will not require to be stuffed full of costly food to enable them to endure those terrible nights.

I look back many years with shame to the time when I, myself, committed many cruelties to my dogs because it was the custom of the day and because I did not *think*.

On my first trip west over the C. P. R. most meals were taken at stations, and in order to be understood when one wished *porridge* one had to ask for *mush*. This did not appeal to me, and I got to dislike the word, so much so that I have never got over it. This is mentioned to account for a prejudice in what follows.

In all sections of Canada east of the Rockies the terms used in driving dogs were taken from the French language—"*marche,*" commonly used as "*march,*" to start; "*yea*" for "*gee*" and "*chaw*" for "*haw.*" In this country west of the mountains they tried to copy from the east, but made a failure. The terms they use are "*mush,*" "*gee,*" and "*haw.*" The "*gee*" and "*haw*" put me in mind of slow moving oxen and "*mush*" disgusting me for the reason given above.

On a clear, frosty, calm morning to hear the men of the Hudson's Bay Company speak to their dogs in a sharp, snappy tone—"*march,*" "*yea,*" "*chaw*" was music indeed, and seemed to not only wake up the dogs to quick action, but to inspire all those within hearing to better and quicker action as well.

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First Meeting of Stores Committee

THE first meeting of the H.B.C. stores committee was convened at Winnipeg October 17th and remained in session until the 19th. Various aspects of the company's retail and wholesale business were considered and plans made for the development of H.B.C. lines.

Members of the committee who attended the meetings were: Messrs. J. S. Braidwood, J. M. Gibson, assistant stores commissioners: H. T. Lockyer, general manager Vancouver store; Fletcher Sparling, general manager, Calgary; C.W.Veysey, general manager Winnipeg wholesale; W.S.Lecky, executive department, and H. H. Hollier, merchandise superintendent.

The Quest of Glory

MANY a man stumbles past the worthwhile opportunities of life while still dazzled with that will o' the wisp pursuit—the quest of glory.

Whole lives are often devoted to a search for this illusive bauble, unless the emptiness of glory is discovered early.

The adolescent, steeped in romance, dwells in his waking dreams upon deeds of valor which will turn upon him the admiring glances of maidens' eyes. Youths strive on the field of sport and men yearn for the trappings of the soldier or the portfolio of public office so that they may boast the insignia of distinction.

But there is no satisfaction in glory. Many deserve but never receive it; others have it thrust upon them without legitimate claim.

It is far better to have lived unsung while doing useful things than to have partaken of the cup of fame and found it unsatisfying.

Compensation

THE greenheads are flying. Dungarbed hunters trek to the sloughs and lake shores of the prairies.

The duck call distils in the veins of the wingshooters a potent elixir which only the most urgent office duties can neutralize.

A quintette of city hunters with equipment faultless and complete arrive on the shore of some mist-spread lake before the break of dawn. Hastily digging in among the rushes, they lie low and hearken to the sleepy quacking of the ducks out on open water.

Over there behind them is a great acreage of wild rice and a mile or so beyond the expanse of wheat stubble.

The sun pokes an inch of red rim above the prairie's edge.

There is a clatter of wings and a string of ducks, then another and another rise up ahead. Here they come to breakfast! Bang! Bang! A greenhead drops; then two more. Away to the left wings the column. Another flight comes over, downwind. Teal this time; velocity a hundred miles an hour. Everybody wastes a magazine-ful. Other ducks come along but whenever they see the hunters they "bank" and climb straight toward the "azure."

The day has passed and but six birds have fallen—prey to five pump guns all shiny and bright. Homeward purrs the big motor. The comforts of the city apartment are again in pleasant prospect.

Behold, in Main street there stroll an old man and a gangling boy. Each bears a rusty "blunderbuss" of the crop of 1901. In the noose of a rawhide thong are bound the limp necks of ten ducks—the old-timer's bag; and the boy has six more. How do they do it?

But then there are *compensations* in everything.

The Mark of Quality

A SOVEREIGN comes from Britain's mint marked for life. The impress upon its face makes it *more than gold*.

Techanically the piece contains just so many grains of the precious metal and so many pennyweights of the hardening alloy. Does it in fact substantiate that one-pound look?

The stamp of the crown is enough. The government mark of quality raises it above question—beyond assay. Every man trusts its purity. None depreciates its value.

There is a mark on merchandise which has come to have a meaning that is well defined—the H.B.C. *Seal of Quality*—synonymous with the best for 251 years. The goods that men have praised have borne this label. Foods, clothing, tobacco and equipment that have given the utmost in satisfaction and service displayed this mark.

The "Seal of Quality"

It inspires cheer in the stolid Indian trudging under packs on distant northern portages. To protect it, swarthy arms strain to the paddle in roaring waters of the hinterland. Hooded Eskimos bear it carefully from H.B.C. ships to warehouses under the Northern Lights.

In the wilderness, this mark means all. In the cities and towns of Canada it distinguishes the kind of merchandise that deserves and holds the confidence of the people.

The *Seal of Quality* should be so guarded and applied as to perpetuate the validity of that high reputation with which it is associated to the uttermost parts of the Dominion.

Ten Rules for H. B. C. Sales Staffs

By A. J. WATSON

1. To live a clean, wholesome life and guard my health in every possible way, so that physically and mentally I may be able to render the Company a service that will be 100 per cent. efficient.
2. To be loyal in all I say and do, and to further the interests of my employer in every possible manner.
3. To remember that to know my duties thoroughly, whatever they may be, will give the customer service and satisfaction and redound to the credit of the Company.
4. To remember that from a policy standpoint the customer is always right no matter how unreasonable, and that to the customer I represent the Hudson's Bay Company.
5. To remember never to make any promise to a customer unless there is every possibility of fulfilling it, and to see to it by every means in my power that the promise is carried out.
6. To be honest in all my statements to customers. Never to misrepresent merchandise, remembering that the Company's reputation is in my hands either to build up or to break down.
7. To remember that service in its entirety is equal partners with quality merchandise, and that no business can attain the highest success without due regard to both.
8. To secure by every means possible information about the merchandise I am selling, so that I can create confidence in the minds of my customers.
9. To always repeat audibly addresses when given by customers and to remember that several people must read the address before the customer receives her parcel, so that I must take pains to make my writing clear and legible.
10. Not to live in too narrow a groove, having interest only in my own department; to remember that a weakness in any link of the chain is fatal to the whole. I should therefore be alive to any weakness I may see in the Company's business and bring it to the attention of the management, thus showing them that I am deserving of promotion by my diligence in their behalf.

"THE HERALD"

By ROBERT WATSON

Of disappointments keen and losses great,
The doleful, the pessimistic prate.
They fail to see beyond the city streets;
They weave the linen for their winding sheets.

They know not that the passing shower will cease;
That in the wake of war must follow peace;
That failure—if we only onward press—
Proves but the dark-skinned herald of success.

SALVAGE

Being the Story of the Search for and Reclamation of the Lost Schooner, "Fort Churchill," and Incidentally a Few Observations Concerning the Customs of the Belcher Islands Eskimos

By ERNEST RENOUF

Fort George Post

IN the Fall of 1913 the Hudson's Bay Company's auxiliary schooner Fort Churchill, of fifty-six tons, belonging to Nelson River District on the west coast of Hudson Bay, broke away from her moorings during a gale at night and the staff awoke the following morning to find themselves without a schooner.

Despite numerous search parties along the coast no further trace was found of the vessel till nearly two years had elapsed, when in the Spring of 1915 a party of the Belcher Islands Eskimos whilst trading at Great Whale river, on the east coast of Hudson Bay, reported that a large vessel had drifted on to the outlying shoals of the group of islands from which they came and it was surmised that she was in all probability the long lost Churchill.

As from native accounts the vessel was lying on shoals which were well protected and was not badly broken up, it was thought that an attempt at salvaging her would not be ill-placed and I was given instructions to proceed to the Belchers and report on the vessel's condition.

Taking two Belcher Eskimos, Oodlaroo and Kitishook by name, a dog-sled and ten dogs, Whale river was left on the morning of the 8th April, 1915. The travelling was already extremely bad and though the Belcher Islands lie only some seventy miles seaward they were not reached until the 12th. The chief source of delay was the ice-field, which was more than ordinarily dense and in most places extended in piled-up ridges of thirty and forty feet high. Long detours had consequently to to be made in a search for the most vulnerable spots; the thaw having also commenced, one sank a foot or so at every step, the use of snowshoes being out of the question amongst the piled up masses of the ice-field.

The Belcher Islands consist of two main groups called the North and South Belchers and lie approximately N.N.W. from Whale river, with a population fo some 200 Eskimos.

The vessel was lying on the western edge of the South Belchers and these loomed in sight in the intervals of drift early on the morning of the 12th and by 9 a.m. could be clearly made out and appeared much lower than was anticipated.

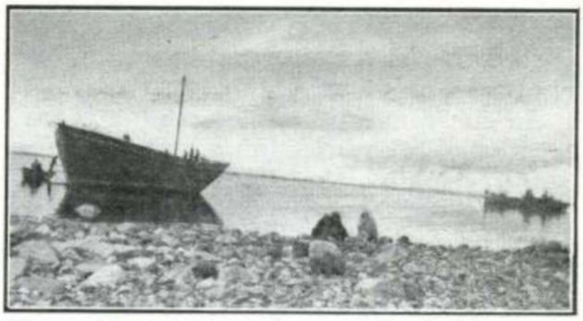
The whole group of the South Belchers have their greatest length north and south, and are roughly a hundred and fifty miles long and possibly sixty miles across; the largest of the group is seventy miles long and forty miles broad with an elevation of three hundred feet. Vegetation is almost completely absent with the exception of the barren ground moss and grasses and a few stunted willows which, on account of the bitter winds which sweep the islands almost all the year round, are compelled to crawl along the surface.

Animal life is almost entirely confined to aquatic types, chiefly seal and eider-ducks: the former by no means abundant and the latter obtained only during the summer. On some of the outer islands, which are all but inaccessible to the natives in their kayaks, are found herds of walrus. Large numbers of geese nest on the islands in the spring and occasionally swans bring forth broods of young. Some years white foxes appear in numbers but are never to be depended upon and in the only stream on the islands are found, at certain seasons, salmon-trout running up to four pounds weight. A few arctic hares are occasionally killed but on the whole the islands are extremely destitute of all life; in years gone by large herds of caribou roamed the islands but were rapidly killed out.

The first native encampment was struck at noon on the 12th and consisted of eight igloos or snow-houses, each containing an Eskimo family. The men were all away hunting seal, of which there appeared a great dearth; the women, few of whom had previously seen a white man (their men going into the mainland only in the winter to trade and leaving behind the women) came out in mass formation to greet us, all tremendously excited, the youthful element wide-eyed and eager. All were dressed in native clothing, sealskin trousers and long coats or kolitoos of the same skin. An odd one or two sported kolitoos of caribou skin with the hair outside, fancily fringed and decorated with white strips of caribou skin and tasseled with ivory ornaments.

As part of the load had been left on the road out owing to fuel and dog-food getting low, it was decided to camp here and send the team back the following day for the supplies left.

Up to this time I had slept in the igloo made each night by the Eskimo, but here I decided to have my tent and stove put up and have comfort, there being a little driftwood on an island near-by. Whilst the tent was being erected I wandered around the encampment taking photographs and decided to enter the igloos and see the actual living conditions of Eskimos, who may still be said to be in the wild and woolly stage. On crawling into the first igloo, (one has to enter on all fours) my appearance created consternation and in the dim light half-glimpses were caught of glistening chestnut-hued limbs being hastily covered. Backing out, somewhat at a loss, the next igloo was tried and the same phenomena met with, and the next. Desisting, my tent, which had by this time been prepared, was sought and I pondered long over the rite in the igloos which I had so rudely blundered upon. My curiosity was very shortly appeased and somewhat sickened by the sight of all the women wearing old print dresses and blouses, one even sporting a grimy and tattered shawl from which she evidently derived great satisfaction. I had apparently disturbed the ladies in the act of changing their native clothing for these European monstrosities, evidently donned in my honour, and in order to let the kablunak see that they knew what should be. They had all appeared particularly smart and clean in their nicely fitting native trousers, sealskin boots and long kolitoos and the substitution for the ill-fitting, torn and dirty print clothing was an atrocity and they appeared ghastly and, if the word be allowed, sloppy. To them this was a special dress parade and they preened themselves on their appearance. As one was expected to register surprise and admiration, I managed to bring forth a sickly smile. A few moments after the humour of the whole thing caused me to roar with laughter, somewhat to the natives' bewilderment. We were unable to leave this camp for three days owing to rain which fell almost steadily. On the third night the wind chopped around to the north and everything froze well, making the going excellent.


The Lost H. B. C. Schooner, "Fort Churchill," Stranded on the Belcher Islands

On the morning of the 15th a start was made for the schooner, which was reached at noon on the 18th, amid a raging blizzard. Our route had lain through a maze of small islands, low-lying and destitute of vegetation, except for the barren ground moss and tripe-de-roche.

The vessel proved to be the Fort Churchill, as surmised, and, considering her lengthy drift, appeared in good shape; her two masts had been cut down by the natives as spoil not to be passed by on any consideration and must have been treasure-trove for many a year in the making of their komatiks and the frame-work of their skin-boats or oomiaks and kayaks; several brass and copper fittings had been taken from the engine-room, although far less than had been anticipated, considering the Eskimos' passion for metals.

The fact that the engine room had hardly been touched must be put down to the fear that most natives have for machinery in general, and it must have been a particularly daring spirit who looted the few copper and brass fittings that were missing.

In the dim light of the engine room, with the blizzard raging outside, one could visualize the scene as the vessel had drifted ashore; the first man to spot her paddling away furiously in his kayak to tell the community of the arrival of a kablunak's boat; the stampede at the camp, all dominated by a spirit which moved them to assemble at the highest peak on the island where, from a distance, they could view events safely; the final grounding of the vessel; the long wait, and still no movement on board; the slow return of their courage and the birth of an insatiable curiosity, impelling them to paddle to the wreck, at first eagerly and with quick, sharp, strokes, gradually slowing down as the vessel loomed up closer, all finally coming to rest at a safe distance, harpoons and rifles in readiness; the low murmurings at the absence of all life and movement, the circling of the vessel by all several times, eyes darting sharp, half-fearful glances into each nook and corner; the venturesome spirit who at length edging his kayak in toward the vessel and, harpoon in hand, stepped aboard quietly and watchfully; searching the deck, peering down the hatches and engine-room skylight, seeing nothing, hearing nothing; the tense, almost oppressive, silence broken only by the crying of a wheeling gull and the distant wail of curlew feeding on the shoals; curiosity overcoming fear and luring him to venture below, harpoon ever at the alert; the breathless interval for the waiters in their kayaks; the brave one's reappearance on deck with reassuring words, hailed with a gasp of relief and wonder; the flood of questions from voices out of which all fear had gone; the rush to clamber aboard, frantic searchings for loot on the part of the individual, the finding of the ship's bell—and the fight for possession—finally the suggestion that the masts be cut down for the use of the community; the return to camp and families and the description to the latter of their find; the groping of their minds as to whence she came and whither wending; of truth an event worthy of its place in the Belcher Sagas.

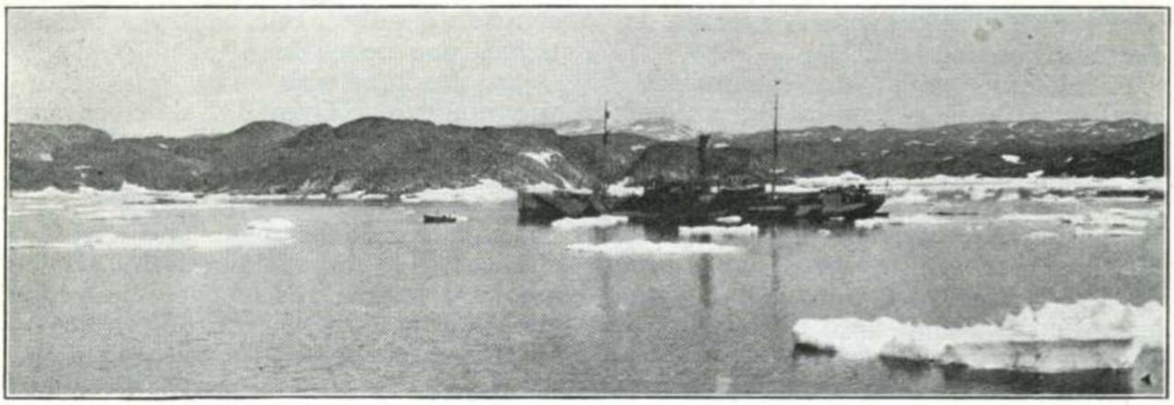
The vessel was lying, as the natives had described, on a small shoal in a well sheltered bay and had deep water astern. She appeared to have very little water in her although the natives spoke of her half-filling at flood-tide and becoming nearly dry at low water, which would point to serious damage to her planking. The task of getting an idea of the vessel's condition was further complicated by the great depth of snow and ice piled around her and my inability to follow, in its entirety, the long flight of explanation proffered by the natives.

A favourable report on the prospect of salvaging the vessel was made out, (which was subsequently justified) and photographs taken, then despite the blizzard, the return journey was started upon, following almost entirely our outward route.

Shortly after camping that evening, which was done earlier than usual owing to the storm raging, the weather cleared up almost as quickly as it had stormed and the sun came out brilliantly.

Oodlaroo and Kitishook, after feeding the dogs, went off after seal and from the igloo I was able to follow them with the binoculars. Oodlaroo, after a very pretty stalk, got a seal which had come out on the ice to bask in the rays of the setting sun; Kitishook, after futile searchings and one abortive stalk, gave up seal-hunting and clambered on to a near-by island sparsely covered with Arctic grasses and stunted willows. Later on, to my great joy and surprise, he returned with a large Arctic hare, which by the aid of a little driftwood near-by, was speedily converted into a luscious roast.

All that night the men wallowed in raw seal meat and several times I awoke to find them still gnawing bones, absolutely and supremely happy and in their element. In the morning very little of the seal remained; true, some had been given to the dogs, but Oodlaroo and Kitishook had accounted for the greater portion and were so bloated that to hitch up the dogs required an intense effort and to run was an impossibility. Once started they could but lie on the sled and grunt bestially. Fortunately the going was good and we made good time, getting back to the first native encampment on the 20th. Here again we were held up by rain and I began to despair of ever get-



The Company's Steamer "Nascopie" in her war coat of camouflage, lying at anchor during July, 1916, in Burwell. The photograph was taken by Q. J. Maltby, H.B.C. Mining Engineer

ting back to Whale river, as the sea ice was getting bad and leads commencing to open out in the ice-field.

For my last night with these natives I decided to forego the comparative luxury of my tent and sleep in one of the family igloos in order to get a better insight into their family life and habits.

The igloo chosen for the purpose was Kitishook's and was the largest in the encampment. Entering the outer door (a hole cut in the snow-walls) one comes in upon a porch with raised shelves on each side on which are stowed spare articles of equipment, hunting weapons, etc., then through another cubby-hole (ever on all fours) and one is in the main and only chamber, circular walls with a diameter of approximately fifteen feet and a height of seven feet or so. Half of this compartment consists of a large raised shelf built up to a height of four feet, which is used as bed and bedroom. In another corner is a rack on which clothing is hung to dry, the heat being supplied by the native oil-lamp, a half moon-shaped stone vessel, hollowed to contain about two pints of seal oil and supported on a stand two feet high. Around the seal oil is placed a rim of dry moss which takes the place of a wick. This in reality gives out a very feeble heat, and a small kettle had to be put on an hour or so ahead of time to boil. From the very composition of the buildings further heat would destroy, and as almost all meals are taken raw the lack of heat in no way upsets, domestic arrangements. The greater part of heat in the igloo is animal heat from the number of the family confined in the narrow compass, and the stench at times baffles description. The temperature around the walls has always to be at freezing point and as a social gathering tends to heat things up and the room commences to drip, small holes are cut in the walls to let in the cold air and replastered with snow on the desired temperature being reached.

The women usually sit on the raised shelf during the day, tailor fashion, making and mending skin boots and clothing and are wonderfully expert in the use of the needle so far as mere man can be said to judge, everything being sewn with sinew, well chewed to assist the process of softening, making watertight each stitch. This constant chewing soon tells on the teeth and only the young girls of fifteen to eighteen have unblemished teeth. After that age their share in the sewing of garments soon wears their teeth to a ragged and ugly edge.

At night the raised shelf is covered with a large covering made of deerskin or, failing the possession of this treasured skin, sealskin, with the hair side uppermost. Over this is laid another similar covering with the hair side undermost. The family strip and crawl between the two coverings, all snuggling together for heat. Romping by the younger portion of the family is taboo, possibly on account of the composition of the bed (being built up of snow-blocks) but chiefly, one suspects, lest paterfamilias, who is perforce sharing the same covering, be disturbed or unrobed.

Kitishook's wife was scrupulously careful in having my eating utensils clean, and on my first stay I had been surprised to find them brought to my tent at meal-time shining beautifully. Whilst staying in her igloo I made a first hand study of the cleaning process. A plate would be *licked* until it shone and then polished with a handful of feathers or a portion of a cotton blouse if handy—all done with the most childish and innocent expression, and an exclamation of glee would be emitted on surveying the finished result! The lady was somewhat surprised and hurt on my laying violent hands on my utensils and guarding then thereafter as I would my life. The thought still brings a tremor to my system despite much subsequent travelling amongst natives with its inevitable hardening to little peculiarities incident thereto.

Here curiosity led me to tackle seal-meat for the first time, and not regretfully was it consigned to the list of things "not done." The kidneys were found to be almost palatable. Epicures amongst the Eskimos take a seal flipper and bury it until the desired gaminess is reached, usually a period of two months or so, and then discuss it sans salt, fire, or flavouring! Not having tried this I am not in a position to pass unqualified judgment on seal as a food. Doubtless, as with most things not rank poison, given necessity and long usage it would become palatable and perchance a dainty, as witness the writings of sundry Arctic travellers and explorers.

Another striking habit noticed was the passing of a clay pipe of tobacco from mouth to mouth, men, women and children being passionately fond of the weed. A visitor from a neighbouring camp would enter and after exchanging news would exclaim, "Tobaccomik" with a decided emphasis on the last syllable, Anybody smoking at the time and not passing his or her pipe along to the exclamatory one would be adjudged deficient in social etiquette. In this manner one pipe of tobacco will circulate the igloo for twenty minutes or so, each taking a few puffs and passing the pipe to his or her neighbour. It struck one that the wiping of the stem before passing on the pipe must constitute a deadly insult, as it was noticed that it was never done.

On the 22nd this camp was left on the final run to Great Whale river, and in spite of the delay caused by two large open leads (caused by the ice pack drifting apart) around which long detours had to be made and the fact that nearing the mainland the sea ice got very wobbly and on three occasions the leading dogs fell through, Whale river was reached on the evening of the 23rd.

It had been a delightful and interesting trip and the joy of studying a tribe whose lives and customs were little known cannot be exaggerated.

Living under the most trying circumstances in a most inhospitable, barren section of the north, every-day life a battle for existence, these Eskimos were found to be ever cheerful and brave, perspiring at a temperature in which a European would freeze, and living cheerfully and happily where the effete would die wretchedly.

Incidentally mine had been the privilege of being the first white man to visit the islands and see the natives in their homes, if one except the landing on the outer edge of the islands the year previous by Messrs. R. J. Flaherty and E. E. Leduc to repair their schooner "Laddie," which had struck a shoal off the islands as they made their way south from Baffin's Land. Subsequently both these gentlemen made numerous trips amongst the islands and are now authorities on the mineral formation, Mr. Leduc having staked large areas of iron deposits thereon.

In August of the same year the S.S. Inenew, the James Bay District transport steamer, arrived at Whale river with a salvage party on board with the intention of getting the "Churchill" repaired sufficiently to tow into Moose river, a tow of some five hundred miles.

Very little repair work was actually needed and after getting the natives at the pumps for a few days she was quickly repaired and hauled off the shoal. Whilst the vessel was being pumped several of the crew, off duty, wandered about the islands in search of game, a few geese and Arctic hares being bagged. On one occasion one of the hunters spotted a white bear cub asleep and though armed only with a muzzle loader decided to tackle it and, extracting the shot replaced it with ball, approached the cub, which took on awe-inspiring dimensions the nearer the approach, fired and though wounding the bear, it charged and the second barrel failed to in any way deter the bear's determination of revenge, and for a time the hunter became the hunted. The former was stout and the day hot, and the latter, though sorely stricken, was infuriated and determined. Fortunately a high boulder gave the hunter an opportunity to recharge his gun and wait in a favourable position for the bear's arrival to terminate matters.

The vessel was towed with no untoward incident to Moose river, where she was subsequently refitted and where, though six years have elapsed and twice have attempts been made to take her out by Hudson's Straits and down to Newfoundland, she still lies, a vessel with an evil name, as officers and men who manned her swear that the vessel is bewitched. On both occasions very stormy weather was encountered, the ice-field was unduly thick and engine trouble broke out at critical moments and the vessel had to return to Moose, having barely weathered through. A mutinous ship having broken away from her chains, recaptured and given the best of treatment, refuses to fulfil her life's work.

In passing it is interesting to note that the officer commanding the district to which the vessel belonged at the time of her break for liberty now commands the district in which, by the law of salvage and the vessel's failure to make Newfoundland, she finds herself an unwanted guest.

What the vessel's ultimate career may be remains to be seen; personally, having examined her in a blizzard, taken my trick at her wheel whilst in tow, dismasted, and bucking in heavy seas and been violently seasick in the doing thereof, I shall ever take a very tender interest in whatever fate Destiny holds for her.

A BOLD HUNTER

Lecturer (in loud voice): "I venture to assert there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our vast forests."

Man in Audience (timidly): "I've shot woodpeckers."

Alone With a Ford on the Prairies

H. B. C. Land Inspector Recounts "Adventures" in Alberta

By THOMAS H. NICHOLLS

Land Department

"WELL, goodbye, Mr. Nicholls. It must be nice to be able to drive through the country every day. When can we expect to see you back?"

"Hard to say, Mrs. C——; at least a week, might be longer; it depends upon the weather and state of the trails." With a final salute to the kindly hostess who gives me the shelter of her home when at headquarters, I quietly glide away in "Elizabeth" once more for new trails, new parcels of land to be looked over and new men to acquaint with the system and reputation of the old Company. The "glide" is quite correct, ye drivers of real cars; this is not an ordinary Lizzie with an ordinary driver.

It is a fine Sunday afternoon and only natural that it should be considered an easy life by those who do not make these "easy" trips. There are plenty of opportunities for even the driver to take pleasure in the run. However, unfortunately the driver is very apt to become merely a question of "getting there" for the business in hand, and of avoiding as far as possible the various pitfalls that beset the autoist upon western trails off the main travelled road, which trails incidentally keep one's eyes pretty well engaged in searching for unsuspected badger holes and rocks, rather than taking in the passing scenes of field and fallow, river and lake or the brilliant land sunsets.

The vicinity in which it is proposed to start the week's endeavours on the following day is reached about 8 p. m. and the question of the night's shelter becomes important. The memory of an invitation to call upon Mr. S—— when in the neighbourhood comes to mind and Elizabeth and I head that way. It looks to be a very small building, hardly to be dignified by the name of house, but one never knows. The difficulty of accommodating an extra one, in an already concisely managed *menage,* is overcome with the usual western resource and hospitality, and I store up new energy in sleep upon a quickly made up lounge.

Up with the sun. This is July and the red glow never leaves the northern sky, but 5 a.m. is not too bad. Plenty of cold water to brisk one up, a glance at the maps to mentally arrange the day's work while the lady of the household prepares the first meal of the week. "Elizabeth" as usual is ready for the trials of the trail again, and that is no meaningless expression.

Two or three miles on our way and there comes the mental call, "Let me see, there is section 26, two miles north, which had some good hay on it this Spring. Better take a look at it and see if anyone has borrowed it" (the hay of course, not the section).

First trail heading north we take and it gets bumpier all the time. "Well, that must be the land over yonder. Have had enough of this—walking for me." So Elizabeth seems glad to rest and cool off while I on the contrary, take off my coat, step out and warm up.

The "sleuth" is on the job—see the mower and rake on the north half. Finally another little matter of Company's business is straightened out satisfactorily to all parties concerned. The hay is paid for; justice is satisfied.

A wide sweep is made through the immediate vicinity of the section and a further number of people are brought in touch with the possibilities of transacting business with the hive of industry situated on the corner of Fort and York Streets, Winnipeg. Then like a large bee, Elizabeth takes me to the next "bloom" in the shape of a section in the next township, but not necessarily as speedily and as easily as would the bee, for there may be plenty of intervening sloughs, hills and unopened road allowances. But we always get there somehow.

Later in the day an inspection of the gasoline tank shows that the hard running has made serious inroads on the fuel supply. Must I turn back and run south to the railroad just to obtain new supplies? Perish the thought! On the other hand I cannot continue very far north as there is no gas up there near the Saskatchewan river. However, a decision is made for the north. After a few miles a farmer tells me the only man likely to have any gasoline is Mr. D——. "He has a steel drum."

Great satisfaction upon my part! We shall be good for another two days' travelling. But my expectations are a little dampened by Mr. D——. He has only sufficient fuel to run his pump and chopping mill, and does not wish to make a trip to the railroad for more for some time. However, "Mr. S——, five miles northwest, has a Ford. He would be almost sure to have some."

We find that Mr. S—— is not using the Ford. Times too hard, but "Jim S——, out west, has a car and always has plenty of gasoline." Well, I guess I will try this one, so away we go and finally arrive at a well laid out farm with good buildings, which come unexpectedly to view. This promises well. There should be some gasoline here. But Mr. S—— informs me that a party coming from the river called yesterday and took all he had, except just sufficient left in his car to take him to town, but "Mr. K——, three miles away, has an old-fashioned tractor which uses gasoline, not kerosene. He must have a barrel."

With grim determination Mr. K——'s domain is invaded only to learn that the tractor has not been used since Spring, and therefore there was no gasoline on hand.

There was just one last card to play late that evening, and it proved to be a trump card. A red barrel was discovered with plenty of the precious liquid. The experience would provide "Briggs" with material for a grand and glorious feeling cartoon, and I was able to go on my way rejoicing.

As it became dark I stopped at the last English establishment before entering a Ruthenian settlement, and rose-scented linen carried tired energies into slumberland. The following day was reminiscent of inspections in the summer of 1920 inasmuch as a section of sand hill and real spruce muskeg was traversed. It was like old times to feel the nice (?) black water come over the tops of the boots to keep the extremities comfortably cool! But these experiences too were again forgotten when, after breaking through a section of fire-killed poplar lying in all directions, with the temperature about 90 degrees in the shade, the weather suddenly changed and became cold and dark with rain clouds. The car of course did not figure in this part of the programme; she reposes at a distance and yields the place to good old-fashioned "legging, eh."

The objective was finally reached, and after the business in hand had been dealt with, the subject of a night's shelter was approached. I had already noted that the possibilities looked slight from the appearance of the "layout" and I learned that there was no room in the shack, but I was welcome to share the bunkhouse with the "boys."

Another week of similar journeyings passed and eventually I was able to turn Elizabeth's nose eastward towards headquarters, where I knew there would be a batch of Official Envelopes awaiting attention. It was on a fine stretch of real road running east that the occasion produced an appreciative mood for the beauties of nature, and also for the beauties and smoothness of Elizabeth's internal arrangements. As I listened to the purring of the exhaust (just like a real car), I was inclined to congratulate Mr. Ford's organization upon one of its productions at least.

A few hours later I was occupying the dignified position of steering Elizabeth behind a wagon, the motive power being supplied by a two-horse power flesh and blood engine harnessed to the latter.

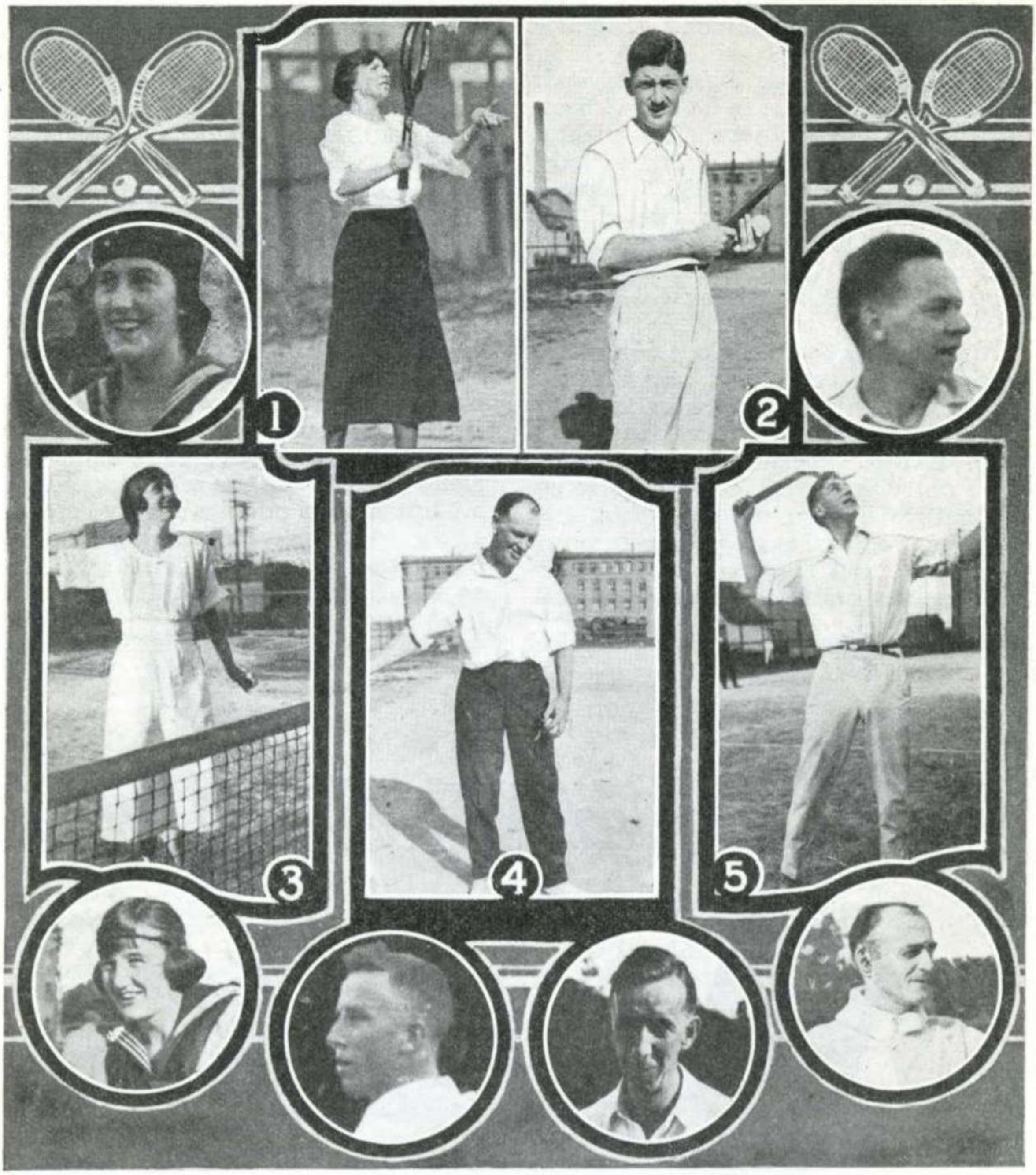
After four hours' patient wrecking and building up again, during which the cause of Elizabeth's fall from grace was explained and rectified, the mechanic and I emerged black but triumphant and the song of the exhaust was again heard along the road, in spite of all, bringing up safely at headquarters at 11 o'clock at night, and thus concluding another thirteen-day "joy ride," having as usual both its joys and sorrows.

Century Old MARCEE M R C DE LUXE *Briar Pipes*

MARCEE
DE LUXE

Each MARCEE M R C DE LUXE pipe is subjected to a special hardening and seasoning process which extracts all moisture from the raw briar and therefore leaves it very much reduced in weight and its smoking qualities greatly improved. It is also finished in our Celebrated Dark Velvet Finish.

A well selected stock will be found in all The HUDSON'S BAY DEPOTS



H.B.C. Tennis Stars as They Are—at Winnipeg

THE second successful season of the H. B. C. Tennis Association at Winnipeg was brought to a close the last days in September with the finals of the staff tournament to determine the champions in each classification.

Following are the winners in the 1921 tourney:

Ladies' Singles Champion—Miss C. Mercer, wholesale-depot (1).

Men's Singles Champion—F. R. Peirson, executive offices (2).

Ladies' Doubles Champions—Miss C. Mercer, wholesale-depot (1) and Mrs. J. K. Seal (3).

Men's Doubles Champions— F. R. Peirson, executive offices (2) and R. Kenderdine executive offices (5).

Mixed Doubles Champions—Mrs. J. K. Seal (3) and W. Paul, wholesale-depot (4).

Others whose photographs are shown did not win any of the laurels, but all are familiar figures on the courts. They are: Circle at upper left, Miss Burnside, retail store; circle at upper right, Q. J. Maltby, land department; in lower row of circles, left to right, Miss Burnett and T. Whisson, land department; R. Douglas, stores administration offices and W. A. Brockwell, general accounting department.

WINNIPEG

Retail Store Notes

Showers failed to dampen the jubilant spirits of the party who gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parker, Linwood street, to honor Miss Margaret Nicholl, who leaves us shortly to become Mrs. Cooley. Miss Nicholl received many beautiful gifts, including a china tea set and cut glass water set. "Nick" has been a familiar figure in our silks department for a number of years and her genial spirit will be much missed.

Congratulations are extended to George Nivens (Scotty), of the china department, on his branching out upon the sea of matrimony. His many friends gave him an unmerciful send-off. The wedding took place October 19th at St. Matthew's church. The groom was presented with a beautiful "Bridal Rose" China set from his associates of the china department.

Miss Osborne was the recipient of a handsome tea set from the fellow members of department five on the occasion of her leaving to be married October 14th. Another case of somebody showing good judgment in selecting Hudson's Bay Quality.

Miss Mary Knox, of the adjustment bureau, is a happy bride-to-be of November. Congratulations to the lucky man.

Things We Would Like to Know

Why Vic Morrison frequents a certain street in Elmwood so often?

Why Miss Dickson awaits the sorting of the mail so anxiously?

His name and occupation, Myrtle? Miss Carson, plus week-end trip to Brandon; result, one diamond ring.

Why a certain saleslady of the second floor reads so industriously such novels as "For Love," "The Disturbing Kiss" and "A Lover in Chains," running serially in the *Press* and *Tribune* these days?

When Davison and a few more sleep when a fashion promenade is in preparation?

Why everybody picks on ye editor of this column for all the nasty knocks published and sent in by so called friends of the persons mentioned?

Rumored But Not Confirmed

—that Mr. A——, of the music department is experiencing very indifferent luck these days, after a severe disappointment in love. He thought he was receiving some little solace when given a cheque for quite a sum. Conjuring up visions of happy times (in the shape of a bottle of the real stuff) he went to cash the cheque, when behold, it was intended for Mr. Diamond.

—that Sidney R., of the fruit department, and a young lady in the novelty section are cheating the postal authorities out of needed revenue these days. Sid says that Peaches being out of season he is thinking of going in for Pairs.

—that Andrew Dick, late advertising office boy, looks very important these days. He is assistant display man.

H. B. C. Style Show a Winner

By T. F. REITH

THE presentation of Fall and Winter styles in evening and afternoon apparel of H.B.C. quality, staged on the second floor, the last days in October, was a huge success from every standpoint.

A specially constructed style walk on the second floor, tastefully decorated by the display staff under Mr. Davison, showed the gowns to distinct advantage.

Several attractive young ladies of the store assisted by other models displayed the garments in a finished manner and excited much favorable comment on their appearance.

The gowns and furs, of course, came in for great admiration, and rightly so, for a more fascinating yet decidedly

practical gathering of apparel has rarely been seen in the West. Credit is due Miss Woodhead, Mr. Pearen and others upon whose shoulders fell the burden of selecting and assembling the garments.

Crowds of visitors thronged the showing at each performance and many remarks of appraisal and delight were heard. The Winnipeg store is to be congratulated on staging another success in a way to uphold the prestige cf the Company in the community.

Young ladies assisting were the Misses Leonard, Shaw, Budden, Parker, Booth and Mrs. Murray.

Season's First H.B.C. Dance

AN enjoyable dance took place in the ball-room of the Fort Garry on the night of Wednesday, October 5th. All departments of the Company in Winnipeg met and danced—rubbed shoulders or rubbered the ladies' as the case may be.

Mr. Ogden, chairman of the retail social committee says that all who attended had a "ripping" time and are looking forward to several more such occasions during the social season.

A Lawn Bowling Champion

WE have in our midst a champion whose skill is almost unknown to most of his associates; namely, A. Mills, superintendent of delivery, who evidently believes in hiding his light under a bushel.

Mr. Mills' strong forte is lawn bowling and during play this summer in various "Sons of England" competitions he emerged undisputed champion of them all. Here is the record:

Won singles championship. Won doubles championship. Also played second on the rink which won supreme president's shields.

By the way, this latter was skipped by Charles Healy, of our upholstery workroom.

The retail is fortunate in possessing such skillful and modest exponents of a great out-of-door summer sport.

Everybody joins in heartily welcoming Mr. Ogston back in harness—after a sharp siege of tonsilitis and la grippe. His optimistic personality was missed around the store.

New Merchandise Manager

S. D. Gilkerson is a new addition to the retail staff, who has recently undertaken the duties of merchandise manager. The first few days he was kept busy shaking hands and renewing old acquaintances as he is a former member of the organization who has rejoined after an absence of ten years in the States. Mr. Gilkerson brings with him a varied experience covering conditions in a large number of stores in all parts of the country, which should add greatly to his usefulness with the Company.

We wish him every success and take this opprtunity of assuring him the hearty co-operation of all fellow employees of the store.

They Shot *at* the Chickens

WE learn that Messrs. Thomas, publicity department, Beggs the tailor and Tom Upjohn, of the delivery, were away on a chicken hunt together. (No! no! the feathered kind.) Sounds like and ideal combination of talent for such a trip. An expert driver to round up the game and deliver the spoil, a tailor to shoot them on the wing and a publicity man to report the damage that was done.

And thereby hangs a tale. Friend Beggs was stalking across the prairie when he spied a jack rabbit and let fly with unerring aim and bunny dropped. Our hunter rushed up to gather in his kill when the animal opened one eye, spied Beggs' hungry expression, decided he wouldn't furnish a meal for such as he and proceeded hastily across the stubble. Our tailoring friend let fly both barrels this time and the monster succumbed. In relating the incident, Hunter Beggs stated the animal was as big as a lamb and as fierce as a wildcat.

To cap the end of a perfect day, when proceeding homeward an axle of the car broke. Upjohn Beggs Thomas do not give too much publicity to the reason for the mishap. We wonder if it was the weight of the "bag" —one jack rabit and a robin.

Mr. Hughes reports an enjoyable day or two after the chickens also.

Another bold hunter in the person of George Garwood, card writer, has just returned after a week's duck shooting. Everyone was glad to see him return in safety, as a gun in the hands of one so young and inexperienced is dangerous—not always to ducks.

Ronald McLeod, of the men's clothing, wishes to take this opportunity to correct a curious misapprehension which is going the rounds these days. The mistake occurred when he came to the store one day carrying a mysterious long leather case looking to all the world like a violin holder. It transpired that this was a gun or shooting iron, vintage 1882, which he was endeavoring to dispose of to some of our embryo hunters. He hopes this explanation will end the annoying incident.

Land Department News

The land department curling club have been fortunate in securing two sheets of ice for the coming season at the Granite rink.

Several ladies of the department are joining the club; this will swell the membership to over thirty.

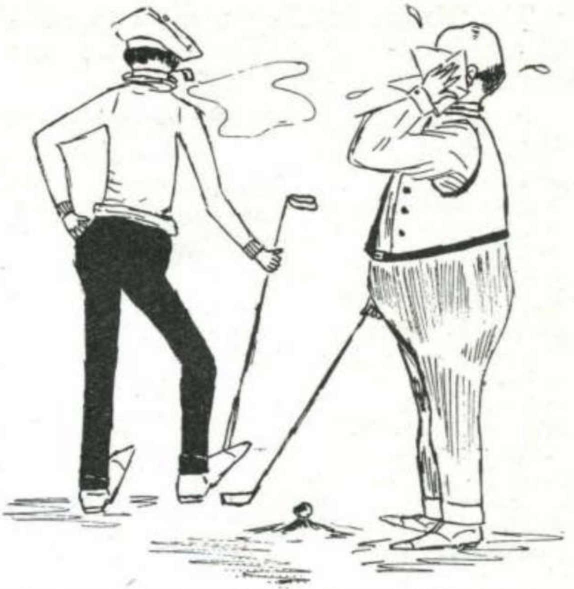
H. F. Harman, land commissioner, left for a business trip to Edmonton and the Pacific Coast.

Several members of the department attended the H. B. C. dance at the Fort Garry hotel Oct. 5th. It was pleasing to see Miss Olive Card and Tommy Thorogood go to the finals in the fox trot competition.

Mr. Stanley Fairs was one of the successful candidates in securing third prize, $500 worth of merchandise, at the Shoppers' Exposition at the Board of Trade, staged by the retail merchants of the city for purpose of stimulating trade.

We would like to know the name of the gentleman who took a day off with the object of shooting prairie chickens but who, however, returned with *one rabbit*.

Cecil Joslyn has been elected exalted ruler of the Moustache Club, his latest hirsute adornment being considered the best production among many trials.



The Burbidge Cup Final as seen by "Jimmy," the Land Department budding Cartoonist

Thomas Wins Burbidge Golf Cup for 1921

By A. P. EVANS

The Referee

THE final for the Burbidge cup handicap golf competition, emblematic of the championship of the Company's branches from coast to coast, was played over the Winnipeg (Bird's Hill) club course, on Thursday, October 13th, between Clifton Thomas, publicity department, and B. Everitt, land department, Mr. Thomas being the victor and holder of the cup for one year.

The match was over 36 holes, 18 being played in the morning and 18 in the afternoon.

Very consistent golf was played by both contestants, Mr. Thomas finishing the first 18 in 109 and Mr. Everitt in 134 strokes. In the afternoon round, Mr. Thomas finished in 112 and Mr. Everitt 136. Mr. Thomas, with a handicap of 24 for the 36 holes, winning with a net, 197, against Mr. Everitt with a handicap of 60, finishing with a net 210.

The courtesy of the Winnipeg club was extended to the two finalists by Mr. J. S. Braidwood, assistant stores commissioner.

Golf is taking a strong hold with a large number of the Company's Winnipeg staff and we predict that now the cup has arrived in Winnipeg, it is here to stay for some considerable time.

The Hudson's Bay men who competed for the Burbidge golf cup this year were;

EDMONTON

Wallace, J. B.
Harkness, J.
McDonald, A. N.
Robinson, W. E.
Briggs, I. W.
Johnston, E.
Roberts, H.
Lee, E. L.
Harvey, J.
Ross, G.
Harker, F. F.
McKenzie, G. M.
Gray, F. B.
Stapells, C. S.
Hughes, J.
McComb, F.
Fisher, H. A.
Walker, W. L.
Secord, L. E.
Chasey, F. S.
Pallett, A. R.

VANCOUVER

Sharpe, W. H.
Watson, A. J.
Wilson, S. D.

CALGARY

Black, H.
Salter, Geo.
Brennand, Geo.
Cunningham, W. G.
Ilott, W.
Sadler, L. W.
Paquin, O.

WINNIPEG

Retail

Ogston, W. R.
Sparling, J. F.

Wholesale

Brock, A.
Evans, A. P.
Veysey, C. W.

Land Department

Harman, H. F.
Joslyn, C. E.
Everitt, B.
Almond, A. E.
Morrison, M. (Miss)
Killer, C. (Miss)
Walsh, K. (Miss)

Fur Trade Department

Brabant, A.
Conn, W. M.

Publicity Department

Thomas, C. M.

Executive Department

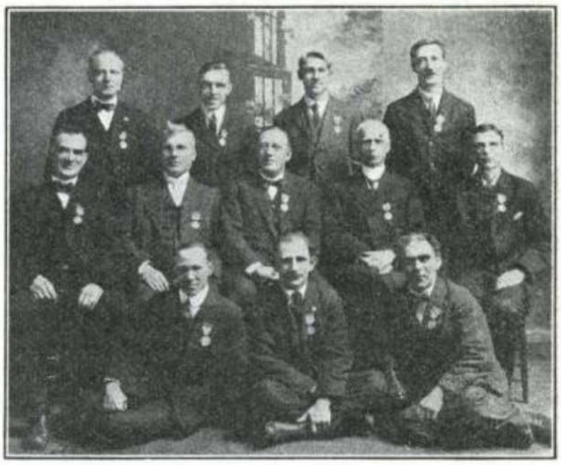
Peirson, F. R.
Thomson, James.

Stores Administration Department Offices

Braidwood, J. S.
Gibson, J. M.
McLean, W. M.

The Burbidge Cup

WHOLESALE DEPOT



NO photograph hitherto appearing in the pages of *The Beaver* has been reproduced with greater pride than that with which we publish the above portrait. We are proud of the sum total of loyal and faithful service which inspired our associate editor to muster these veterans who have the great honor of being possessors of H. B. C. long service medals. Reading from left to right their names and length of service are as follows:

Front Row—Alex. Thompson, 15 years; A. E. Nosworthy, 31 years; E. Kinsman, 15 years.

Second Row—T. J. Seaborn, 29 years; J. Lyon, (manager hardware department), 45 years; C. W. Veysey (general manager), 20 years; T. Ross (manager dry goods), 32 years; Albert Franks, 38 years.

Standing—O. E. Thompson, 25 years; C. W. Elliott, 18 years; E. J. Riley, 16 years, and Dan Casey, 15 years.

A total of 299 years' service with H. B. C.! "The Old Guard" are proud of their unique service record, and we hope that a future number of *The Beaver* very many volumes ahead of this number will be able to record, in picture and prose, a still grander story of the loyal and faithful service of the same "victims" of our camera.

S. A. Keighley, son of Mr. Charles Keighley (bookkeeper), paid us a visit last month while passing through on his way to Stanley post, being transferred from Montreal lake, where he has been with the H. B. C. for two years and other posts for a total of four years.

W. A. Edmonds, cashier at wholesale depot, has been appointed associate editor of *The Beaver* for that branch, to succeed J. K. Seal, who has left the staff.

Fred May was a visitor from Regina, October 1st. He still looks the picture of health.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Knowles spent a short holiday visiting Miss E. G. Morrison at Kamsack, Sask., sister of Mrs. Knowles.

Mr. Brock, credit manager, returned after two weeks' vacation, some of which he spent at The Pas. He reports wild duck plentiful and that he enjoyed an excellent shoot, and brought home a bunch of fine mallards.

Miss A. Chalmers has joined the wholesale staff, having taken the place of Miss. C. Akier, who is now with the candy factory.

Evidently the recent rains have done some good by the looks of the growth of some moustaches in the wholesale department. Here and there we see them in various shades of red, black and sandy. Must be sign of a cold winter.

Alec Thompson (confectionery department) and Dave Venters (country traveller) engaged in a game of golf over the municipal golf links while on holidays. We wonder who won?

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Ritchie are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby boy on October 5th. Many of our travellers say he is very like his dad and although young and intelligent looking should make a good traveller for H.B.C.

We are sorry to report Miss E. Brown (Brownie) on the sick list, but hope to see her back before long fully recovered.

One of our city travellers went duck hunting recently, and something surely was wrong during the wee sma' hours of the morning, as he evidently could not see straight when he stepped out of the boat into the river. Ask J. K. R. for an explanation.

News has come from Glen Leslie, Alberta, of the recent arrival of a baby girl on October 1st, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. MacKenzie, formerly Miss E. E. Hemmenway (Ted) of the wholesale credit department, who was a very popular favorite with all. We all hope that mother and baby are doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bilinsky are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl on October 7th. They trust baby will be spared to enjoy Luxura chocolates, etc., the cream of which is made by her father at our candy factory.

Tennis

CONGRATULATIONS are in order to Miss C. Mercer who captured both the ladies' doubles and single events in the recent tennis tournament held by the H.B.C. Athletic Association. This was only her second year at the game.

The improvement in the play, especially of the wholesale members, has been a very noticeable feature this season, and many hard fought games have taken place.

It is also pleasing to note that another prize has come to the wholesale, W. Paul, of the hardware department, having captured the mixed doubles event with the assistance of Mrs. J. K. Seal from Miss Woodhead and Mr. Welch, of the retail store.

Quoits

ANOTHER competition took place recently on the quoiting grounds among the employees, the only regret being it was not against the retail, who evidently have found out that the wholesale boys can play the game. However we are always ready to accept challenges from any branch here or the far west.

Below is the result of the competition. Note the peculiarity of scores:

M. Macdonald and H. Wells	21
vs	
J. W. McMicken and A. E. Nosworthy	17
C. Skimmings and W. Agland	21
vs	
W. Patterson and J. J. Smith	17
SEMI-FINAL	
E. Kinsman and A. H. Brotheridge	21
vs	
M. Macdonald and H. Wells	11
E. Kinsman and A. H. Brotheridge	21
vs	
H. Pitts and C. W. Elliott	17
C. Skimmings and W. Agland	21
vs	
J. Allan and W. Findlay(bye)	17
FINAL	
C. Skimmings and W. Agland	21
vs	
E. Kinsman and A. H. Brotheridge	17

CRUIKSHANKS

An Indian Prodigy

By WM. WARE

Post Inspector for B. C.

IN February, 1909, I wired the then Post Manager at Hazleton to be good enough to send an Indian with toboggan and dogs to meet me at Kitamat, to take three of us from that point up to Hazelton.

Some fresh snow had fallen on the Skeena river and the engaged Indian evidently took no chances of having any trail-breaking to do so did not start until he was pretty certain of having a good road; anyhow after we were "fed up" with the scenery around Kitamat and began to be quarrelsome, the native arrived.

I remember the sight well. The Indian was a hard-looking case. At first glance I took him to be 79 per cent. blind, and dirty wasn't the word for it. I understand that he never did like washing himself and that very shortly after he got married he made up his mind to get along without doing so; he did not use underwear, but I noticed that he wore a pair of overalls over a pair of tweed pants, and luckily when there happened to be no tweed pants where the overalls were ripped the tweed pants appeared to be there, so that between the two he had the equivalent of one pair of pants. His toboggan had a twist in it which made the nose appear to want to go off the trail into the bush, and as for the dogs, they were mangy, undersized, underfed, measly looking creatures with their tails drawn down tightly between their legs, and if one wanted to see them wag, a handspike and a block and tackle would have been required; and as for the harness, it was made up chiefly of sundry pieces of rope and gunnysack with a sprinkling of leather. The one redeeming feature of the situation was that our friend the Indian, named Cruikshanks, constantly had a broad grin on him, so I knew all would be well.

We made a start the morning after the Indian's arrival, but it was not an early one, because Cruikshanks had to go over all the knots in the dog harness with his teeth. In the first mile I found out that his dogs only agreed to *pull* down hill, condescended to *walk* along on the level when the toboggan was pushed from behind, and absolutely refused to do anything at all, except *lie down,* when they came to a hill; but the Indian, Cruikshanks, had patience, a strong arm and a powerful voice.

On reaching the Skeena river we caught up with a party consisting of a dozen prospectors who were also going up the river, so that we travelled together. We arranged to make an Indian village each night and always managed to rent a cabin for our use. My chief aim in life was to find Cruikshanks in the morning and to get his teeth to work on that harness; every time a man passed him he would look up and say, "Please, mister, have you a piece of string in your pocket?" He was soon christened "Grindstones" by our new friends, which no doubt was on account of the grinding process he had to perform on the knots of his dog harness. Cruikshanks always just managed to arrive when lunch was quite ready, but in the afternoon drive he took his time, knowing that he would not miss his supper. Sometimes when the river had broken in on the trail I would have to stop behind and make a fence so that our esteemed Indian would not go on right into the open water, because I had a valise on the toboggan which I valued highly.

I have seen some great straight fish and meat eaters among the Indians in my time, but I never saw Cruikshanks' equal when it came to handling "white man's grub." If you asked him if he was hungry he would say, "Just a little, mister." At the last supper we had on the trip it was arranged to give Cruikshanks a banquet and for once see if we could fill him up. Now we gave him an extraordinary big meal at our table and he was then requested to pass on to the other party and they certainly did the right thing by him too. I glanced at him now and then after he had eaten for half an hour or so, but although he was eating a little more slowly than usual he was till going strong and there was great contentment bespread on his countenance.

Some time later I happened to go over to the store where I discovered that we had forgotten a beautiful canned oyster stew I had made, and on drawing the boys' attention to same the men in the other party suggested I give it to Cruikshanks, as they found they had a bigger contract on hand than what they bargained for, as the Indian was already quite a way into the supplies they were figuring on for breakfast. So I walked over to Cruikshanks and told him I had something else for him. I thought I noticed him hesitate for just a fraction of a second, but it must have been only imagination on my part because the way he got away with that two quarts of rich stew was a sight worth seeing. I have often wondered the quantity of grub it would have taken to fill that Indian up when he was feeling hungry.

We only partook of a light breakfast the next morning and a few hours later reached Hazelton, where shortly afterwards I had to say farewell to Cruikshanks, which I did in a very feeling way, but just as I was turning away I felt a touch on my arm and then a voice said, "Please, mister, have you a piece of string in your pocket?"

THE STORY OF SILK

By J. A. MIGEL

Continued from August-September Issue

Fashions and Fabrics

RECENTLY I attended a most impressive fashion show in one of New York's magnificent hotels. Numerous models paraded in sumptuous dresses. No two styles were alike. The Spanish influence for this Fall is conceded—except that the Russian influence contests first place. Of course there are the followers of Oriental inspiration, and the French still turn to Morocco for ideas. I cannot remember having seen more than one or two cloth dresses in a collection of over fifty. This not only proves the supremacy of silk as a dress material but shows that fashion can find greater scope for expression in silk than in any other material

In the belief that studious salespersons follow the best in fashions, as they follow the best in literature and the stage, I am devoting these notes to a review of new fashion tendencies.

Right here I would like to call attention to a selling point which is often neglected. Fundamentally the piece goods department and the ready-to-wear department have a common interest and a common ideal. If the salesperson in the piece goods department knows fashions, she can visualize to the customer the use of the fabric; and if the salesperson in the ready-to-wear department knows fabrics, she can explain the full meaning of the material to her customer. Both departments really interlock and the salesperson who knows both fabrics and fashions is raising her work to a fine art. She speaks two languages in contrast to those who speak only one.

Last year the world of fashion hung on the length of the skirt. This year the length of the sleeve is all important. While these details of dress are very important they are not as basic as the silhouette of the lines of correct dress.

The silhouette seldom changes. This year trimmings are not as important as they have been in the past, and this brings us to an interesting feature in selling silks. The less embellishment to the dress the more important is the material from which it is made. A dress with very little trimming is like simple language—it cannot be misunderstood.

The tendency this year is not to have rigid lines, such as you see in architecture, but flowing lines such as you find in sculpture. There is one fabric this year that is eminently adapted to these Greek lines, and that is du-vel.

To enhance the silhouette, materials with brocaded patterns are very much in demand. A brocaded pattern not only is a novelty in itself, but adorns a gown. Dressmakers find in the moonglo silks a wide range of inspiration.

In order to get the expert opinion of famous designers I asked them what importance they attach to the right fabric in creating a new style. Paul Poiret writes me that the style of the fabric always determines the style of the gown. He compares the fabric to a musical instrument, like the piano, on which the musician may improvise as many new themes as his talent permits. American designers, such as E. A. Steinmetz, Mme. Frances and Harry Collins, are firm advocates of little embellishments in dress, leaving it to the fabric to interpret the fashion. A very interesting answer came to me from the director of the Cleveland Art School,—himself an excellent dress designer. I plan to give his views in a later article.

I am heartily in favour of providing

the salespersons in the piece goods and ready-to-wear departments with carefully selected fashion literature that contains information of real value. I also believe that salespersons should be in close touch with designers of silks and styles, and I should be very glad to take the initiative in answering any practical questions that may be put to me on this subject.

VERNON
Store News

The department managers are particularly pleased that their efforts in the recent managers' sale resulted in a crowded store and good business.

The Okanagan apple crop is now entirely harvested. It is the greatest in the history of the Valley. It is estimated that over seven million dollars' worth of fruit has been shipped out. This splendid harvest should more than recoup the growers for their shortage last year.

No need for electric light lately in the ready-to-wear department. What with flashing diamonds and warm smiles the place positively radiates. Congratulations, Eva! He shows his good sense—*wise man!*

There seems to be something "catching" in a matrimonial way in the ready-to-wear department. Rumour has it that Miss Thatcher and Miss Harrison have applied for transfers.

The staff poet, Tom Bone, has his head swathed in wet cheesecloth these days. The Muse struck him when he wasn't looking. When Ed. saw the far-away look in Tom's eyes he told him to "cheese it" and Tom did, with a vengeance.

GORGONZOLA'S LAMENT

Every cheese is loved by some one;
Everybody knows that's true,
Some love Cheddar and Stilton strong,
Dutch cheese and cream cheese too.
I am little Gorgonzola;
Since I was a mite so small
I seemed to be the only cheese
Nobody loved at all.

The Sisters' Sewing Circle, which was so great a success last winter, has now resumed operation. The object of the young ladies of the store being (so they say) the making of Christmas gifts and doing fancy work.

Surprising Miss Strange

THE other Thursday evening Miss Mabel Strange, manager of the ready-to-wear department, was surprised, while making "pretties" for her bottom drawer, by a visit from the young ladies of the store. Some one had discovered it was the anniversary of Miss Strange's seventeenth birthday.

Mabel, who was prettily attired in a gingham apron with her hair in curl papers, was the recipient of numerous little gifts. She is one of the "populars" of the store.

Funny no one thinks of surprising the men of the store once in a while in this way.

KAMLOOPS
Store News

MR. Madill, manager of the boot and shoe department, returned from a fishing trip October 12th at noon—a tired and dejected man. He had apparently been clean out of luck—possibly didn't have the right kind of baits. Rumour has it that after all his elaborate preparations, hard work and untiring efforts, he caught but two fish. On his return home he told his wife he had brought along three fish, and when only two were to be seen Madill said there were two fish and one smelt.

Miss Larson, of the hardware department, was the last to finish her summer vacation. She claims to be the champion traveller of the store; in the two weeks she visited Vancouver, Victoria, Kelowna, Vernon and Edmonton.

Mr. Milne, of the dry goods department, and Miss Hartnett, of the ready-to-wear department, returned from a buying trip to the Calgary sample rooms.

Mr. Dodman, general manager, returned from a business visit to the Calgary store and sample rooms.

CALGARY

Retail Store Notes

Miss Evelyn Burrows, of the ladies' underwear department, has returned to duty after two months' vacation at her home in Chatham, Ontario. It is good to see her in her old position again.

Mrs. Graham, who has had experience in Peter Robinson's, Regent street, and Bourne and Hollingsworth, Oxford street, London, has recently joined the millinery department staff.

Miss Young, who has been in the whitewear department for several years, has been transferred to the Victoria store as assistant to Miss McLaren, buyer of whitewear, corsets and blouses.

Miss McDonald, who for the past two years has been a member of the M.O.D., has left to take up a position as librarian in the University of Alberta.

Our associate editor has given up all hope as a chicken shooter and from now on he intends saving ammunition by running them down.

Miss A. Miller and Jimmy Borthwick are the new golf champions at the Calgary store. Borthwick won the store cup, which has been up for competition for a number of years, after a hard fight in a hole-in-hole competition.

Miss Miller, a popular member of our shoe department, led the way and captured first honors in the ladies' competition for the new ladies' trophy.

The girls of the audit office staff have formed a sewing club. They meet once a week at the homes of the different members, and already three very enjoyable evenings have been spent at the homes of Misses E. Dann, W. Hampton and E. Clark. We hear rumors of vacancies in the audit office soon, but nobody seems to know.

Mrs. A. D. Vair, who has been on an extended visit to the old country, is at present on her way home—hence the smile on Andy.

Miss M. Thompson, of the credit office staff, is confined to her home suffering from blood poisoning. Her friends hope she will soon be able to return to business. In the meantime her position is being filled by Mrs. Charles Howell, *nee* Miss D. Francis, a former member of the staff, who very kindly consented to come and assist during the rush of the harvest sale.

Mr. Mason, Mr. Reeve and Mr. Smith spent a very enjoyable week-end at the opening of the chicken season. They certainly had ideal weather and claimed a very successful time, but we don't know just how many chickens they got.

Annual Harvest Sale

THE practical application of the principle of enthusiastic co-operation has been the main feature in all organization work connected with this sale. Not content with organizing a "sales committee" to draw up general plans for the sale, other committees for floors and departments were also inaugurated.

Early morning meetings were held on each floor prior to the commencement of the sale and much enthusiasm was aroused when the scheme of awarding commissions and bonuses was explained. These extra commissions and bonuses were based on clerks, departments and floors reaching, maintaining, and passing, a set quota.

From top floor to basement the entire staff was organized to function in one direction, namely to sell more merchandise.

"Barometer" boards showing at a glance the sale progress by floor and department were erected in the basement and were the daily meeting place of the staff, eager to see the progress made by their department or floor.

At this writing it is not possible to estimate which will be the championship floor or department; this will be dealt with in the next issue. Suffice it to say that the harvest sale at Calgary this year was an absorbing topic with each member of the staff.

Curling Club

MUCH enthusiasm is being displayed this season at Calgary in the formation of a curling club. Already over sixty members of the A.A. have signified their attention of wielding the besom.

Arrangements have been made for Wednesday afternoon bonspiels at which ten or more sheets of ice will be reserved for the use of the H.B.A.A.A.

It is rumored that Mr. McGuire has been promoted to skip a rink as it will be easier for him to keep his feet when not using the broom.

H.B.A.A.A. Sports

THE 1921 baseball season wound up in a blaze of glory for Sam McKellar's team after a most successful season. Bill Hammond led his team to victory in the first half but in the play off, after the McKellar tribe had cinched second half honors, Hammond and his nine were handed a "whitewash." Harper pitched stellar ball for the winners and, with the aid of McKellar's coaching, he was never in danger. While on the other hand Hammond looked like the first three letteis of his name and he had lots of company on his own line up.

The McKellar tribe won, however, and played good ball all the way. The winners were all presented with silver cigarette cases by the Athletic Association. Harvey Bishop acted as umpire throughout the season and never missed a game.

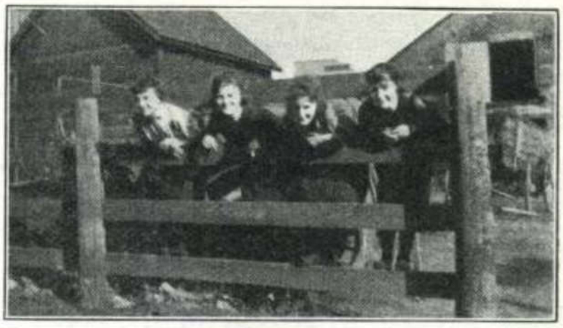
Stray Shots

Who said, "Why waste so much shot on chicken when a '22' will do the work?"

Judging by the crowds, the H.B. A.A.A. dances are certainly popular.

Who was the individual who was stated to have won $700 in the Albertan football competition?

Membership in the H.B.A.A.A. now totals 400. We're out after 100 per cent. membership.



SASKATOON
Wholesale Notes

The picture shows our entire female office staff. No wonder everthing runs so smoothly with a smiling bunch like this. One of these girls has been with us for over four years.

D. S. Grant, who has been our credit manager and accountant during the past three years, has severed his connection with the Company to go into business for himself. He has taken over the selling agency for E. L. Drewry, of Winnipeg, and the Ross Cider Company, of Saskatoon.

Albert Green, of the shipping department, is in the city hospital. He is getting along very nicely after a serious operation.

Saskatoon branch has organized a curling team and as soon as ice is available we will put on one of the best teams in the city. We are open to accept challenges from any of the Company's curling club teams in the West.

Wedding bells are ringing in our midst, and before the year is out we expect one of our travellers to have taken unto himself a wife.

F. A. Vandrick

AT LAST

The doctor coughed gravely. "I am sorry to tell you," he said, looking down at the man in the bed, "that there is no doubt you are suffering from small-pox."

The patient turned on his pillow and looked up at his wife.

"Julia," he said, in a faint voice, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that at last I am in position to give them something."

BEAVER
CHIPS
The Beaver

Traders

" 'T is verra r-reemairkable," remarked Scotty, "how it is ye Canadians make money."

"No more than you Scotchmen," returned the Canuck, politely. "I once heard of a couple of Scotchmen who got cast away on a desert island. When they died, years later, they had both made millions trading their clothes back and forth to each other."

Safe, if Not Sane

"He's wandering in his mind."
"That's all right; he won't go far."

Everybody's Doing It

A party of traveling men in a Winnipeg hotel were one day boasting of the business done by their respective firms, when one of the travellers said:

"No house in the country, I am proud to say, has more men and women pushing its line of goods than mine."

"What do you sell?" he was asked.

"Baby carriages," said the drummer as he fled from the room.

Riotous

Speaking of Ireland, Mr. Oliver Herford says it is a land of patriotic people. The term patriot is derived from two Greek words: Pat, a patronymic, and riot, a national pastime.

Indefinite

"Is this the hosiery department?" said the voice over the 'phone.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady.

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings in stock?" asked the voice.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady. "Whaddy want—pink, yellow or black?"

Lucky Girl!

It was leap year, and Liza was forty and single, so when Luke called up on the telephone, the following conversation took place:

Luke—Hello, is dis Miss Liza?

Liza—Yes, dis is Liza. What does you want?

Luke—I jes' thought as how I'd call and ast you would you marry me, Miss Liza?

Liza—Laws! Yessah! Yessah! Who am it?

He Was Nervous

A passenger thrust his head out of a car window and excitedly exclaimed: "A woman has fainted in here, has any one any whiskey?"

A man in the crowd handed up a bottle from his hip pocket to the passenger, who put it to his lips and drained the contents, and then said aloud: "It always did make me nervous to see a woman faint!".

Shameful

Uncle Nehemiah, the proprietor of a ramshackle little hotel in Mobile, was aghast at finding a newly arrived guest with his arm around his daughter's waist.

"Mandy, tell that niggah to take his ahm 'way from 'round yo' wais'," he indignantly commanded.

"Tell him yo'self," said Amanda. "He's a puffect stranger to me."

For the Blind

A small Hebrew storekeeper down in New York, much to the surprise of his brethren, blossomed forth one morning with a gorgeous new blind on his store window. Of course it was the envy of all the tribe. Also the cause of many questions. "Nice blind, Isaac," began one of his neighbours. "Yes, Aaron." "Vat did it cost you, Isaac?" "It didn't cost me nothing, Aaron; my customers paid for it." Your customers, vy Isaac!" "Sure, Aaron. I put a leedle box on my counter marked 'For the Blind' and they paid for it."

Herb's Busy Day

Old Herb Sharples was sitting reading his mail in his store the other day, and a stranger entered. Herb approached him, and asked him what he wanted. "Oh, I'm just looking around," replied the stranger. "Well," said Herb, "come in tomorrow. I'm too busy to watch you now."

He Will Do

BUSINESS MAN (to young lad seeking employment): "Weren't you here two weeks ago, and didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir. That's why I've come back."

No Trunk for Pat

"Buy a trunk, Pat," said the dealer.

"And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat.

"To put your clothes in," was the reply.

"And go naked," exclaimed Pat; "not a bit of it."

Reminiscences of an H.B.C. Fur Trade Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

By H. J. MOBERLY

CHAPTER V

The Oldest Chartered Company in the World

Leaving the council to discuss their business in connection with the country west of Fort William as far as Vancouver Island, and north to the Arctic circle, including York Factory on the Hudson Bay and posts on the Yukon, Pelly river and intervening inland places, I will take the opportunity of reviewing the Hudson's Bay Company's claims to the country and their method of carrying on business over their enormous territory.

In the year 1670 Charles II established a corporation consisting of his cousin, Prince Rupert, and certain specified associates. This corporation was invested with absolute proprietorship, subordinate sovereignty and exclusive traffic over an unknown territory under the general name of Prince Rupert's Land, which comprised all lands known, or to be discovered, within the entrance of Davis Strait, being held to include all lands that shed their waters into Hudson Strait. For more than one hundred years the Company confined its operations almost entirely to a coast trade, and it was not until about the time that the American republic was formed that it made any real effort to establish itself inland.

New France had not only claimed to the Arctic circle but had really advanced as far as the shores of the Hudson Bay, and this position was recognized by the letters patent granted to Prince Rupert, which expressly exempted from its operations any actual possession of any Christian prince or state. The claims of France were confirmed in 1697 by the Treaty of Ryswick, but were abandoned in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht.

While Canada was still French, traders from the Great Lakes and Montreal had established themselves in the Saskatchewan country as far as the Rockies. These trading expeditions were interrupted for a few years between 1759 and 1763 by conquests and cessions of the country, but from the latter year a more systematic trade was carried on under English auspices till the year 1793, when the Northwest Company was formed in Montreal.

Then began a real war between the rival companies. They pillaged one another's brigades and posts, and made prisoners of each other's followers, many of whom were killed in the constant rows, which only came to an end by the amalgamation of the two companies in the year 1821. They had both by this time extended their operations far beyond the original limits. In 1772 the older company had traversed the basin of the Copper Mine river, while the younger in 1789 and 1793 had progressed down the Mackenzie river to the Arctic sea and across the Rockies to the Pacific Coast.

A body whose legal claim included all possible discoveries, had a general equity in the actual discoveries themselves, but beyond this another provision in the charter granted by Charles II regarded such discoveries, for the purposes of trade, as natural accretions to the original grant.

In 1821 parliament, to put a stop to the evils arising out of this bitter opposition, empowered the crown to issue licenses for the Indian territories which expressly defined those territories to be all the wildernesses in British North America to the west of Rupert's Land. The government exercised this authority in favour of the Hudson's Bay Company as remodelled by the coalition. So far as trade was concerned there was now to be no difference between the Indian territories and Rupert's Land, except that the charter for Rupert's Land was to be perpetual; that for the Indian territories for successive periods of twenty years each.

The new association virtually ruled the Western land through 75 degrees of longitude extending from Davis Strait to Mount St. Elias and through 78 degrees of latitude from the mouth of the Mackenzie to the border of California. About twenty-five years later this territory was reduced and the boundary shifted to the 49th parallel by that treaty which lost us part of Western Canada and of New Brunswick. In 1859 the remainder of the Transmontane tract was included by the instituting of the national colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, and when, in that year, the second term of the license terminated, it was allowed to expire without renewal. The rest of the Indian territories had been relinquished to the United States before 1821, but with the exception of Oregon the loss of the Hudson's Bay Company was more formal than actual. It now exercised a supremacy on a wider basis than under the legal monopoly of old.

The withdrawal of the license did not at first affect Prince Rupert's Land or the rest of the Indian territory, except nominally, but the result may be regarded as the natural fruit of human progress, and the adoption of free trade and free colonization as part and parcel of the nation's policy.

The effect of this change upon the aboriginal population, however, was unquestionable. Under the former system natives of the country were neither extirpated nor expatriated. Most of the Indians were reliable and as a rule were a fine and healthy race. Today they are fast disappearing, and in many districts have become a low, untrustworthy, degraded lot, having apparently acquired all the vices and diseases of the whites with none of their redeeming virtues.

With regard to the descendants of mixed blood, Indians and whites, that has been achieved which has never anywhere else been successfully attempted —the elevation of the half-breed in many cases to an equal degree of civilization with their pure white brethren.

Under the original deed granted by Charles II the Hudson's Bay Company acquired certain powers beyond the limits of Rupert's Land, being invested with jurisdiction over their own servants whether in the wilderness or on the high seas, and being entitled to make war on any non-Christian peoples or princes. Their internal constitution as regulated by letters patent was peculiar, in this respect, that without any restrictions such as generally limit similar associations, the influence of a proprietor was determined by the number of shares he held—one vote being attached to every £100 worth of stock. Further, the Company at large was required to act, at home through a governor and committee, and abroad, through a council. The commissioned officers in the country were called "Wintering Partners" and received among them two-fifths of the net profits of the concern. At this time and for a number of years after there were two grades of commissioned officers—Chief Factors and Chief Traders. The two-fifths allotted to the "Wintering Partners" was divided into eighty-five shares, and it was intended that there should be a sufficient number of Chief Factors and Chief Traders appointed to absorb the whole of these shares; but at times the list remained unfilled, in which case the shareholders got more than their due.

The furs were mostly shipped annually from two posts, one on James Bay called Moose Factory, the other one, called York Factory, on the West side of Hudson Bay.

In the year 1870 the Hudson's Bay Company sold its jurisdiction to the Canadian Government for some £300,000 sterling, a certain number of acres of land around each trading post north of the so-called fertile belt (which was supposed to extend south of the north branch of the Saskatchewan to the American border) and seven million acres within that belt. As each township was surveyed the Company secured of it one section and three-quarters until the total acreage arranged for had been allotted, their sections being "No. 8" and three-quarters of "No. 26" out of the 36 sections into which each township was divided.

And so (in 1870) ended the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, the last of the great trading associations which have figured so largely and in the main, so creditably, in the colonial and commercial annals of England. But it is doing a greater business to-day, despite competition, than ever before, opening great modern stores in the towns and cities growing up in the west and hold the bulk of the Indian trade in the vast wilderness of the still unpeopled north by virtue of the prestige of 251 years.

CHAPTER VI

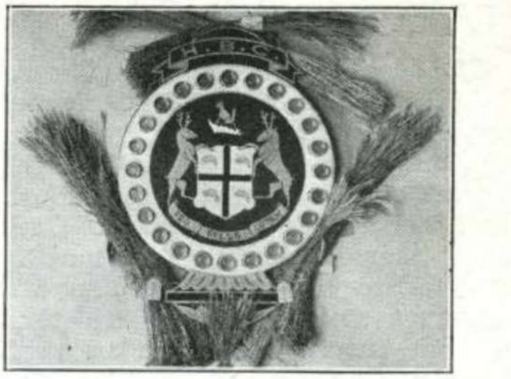
The Council of the Northern Department.

It may be as well before returning to my personal adventures to refer a little more particularly to that part of the Hudson's Bay Company's jurisdiction called the Red River Settlement (now the Province of Manitoba).

In the year 1811 this district was bought from the Company by the Earl of Selkirk for the purpose of establishing a colony. The deed of transfer was made out in the following terms: "To begin at a point on the western shore of Lake Winnipeg in latitude 52.30 north, thence running due west to Lake Winnipegosis, thence in a southerly direction so as to strike the western shore in latitude 52 north, thence due west to the intersection of the parallel of 52 degrees north latitude and the Assiniboine river, thence due south to the height which separates the waters of the Hudson Bay from those of the Missouri and the Mississippi, thence east along that height to the source of the Winnipeg or the principal branch of the waters that flow into the mouth of the Winnipeg river, thence in a northerly direction to the middle of Lake Winnipeg and thence west to the point of beginning." Of course these boundaries were some time afterwards curtailed by the treaty which gave to the United States all lands south of the 49th parallel.

The first farming people to settle in this district were Scotch, in 1813. They were joined by one hundred Canadian veterans, and in 1815 by another body of Scotchmen. Later came some French, French-Canadians, Scotch and English halfbreeds from the North West Company and a few of various other nationalities.

During the first years they suffered much from floods, cold, grasshoppers and attacks from the North West Company. The census of 1857, which I think was the first taken, showed a population of 6522 souls. In 1869-70 while arrangements for the transfer of the country to the crown were in progress, the Dominion authorities gave offence to the French halfbreeds, who under Louis Riel organized a force. They seized Fort Garry, robbed the treasury, made prisoners of a number of their opponents (Scotch and English), and attempted to establish a provincial government, but at the appearance of armed troops under Col. Garnet Wolseley, Riel fled. And so ended this rebellion, together with the rule of the great Hudson's Bay Company.



Display made by H.B.C., Edmonton land office at Exhibition

Now to return to my early experiences in the service.

We arrived at Norway House late in the afternoon of a certain day in June, 1854. The day had been a very hot one, and having fallen asleep in the canoe on the way down, my hat fell off, leaving my head exposed to the sun. This with a few glasses of Hudson's Bay brandy, with which I then became acquainted for the first time, had caused me a very severe headache. I was very sick the next day and could not appear at breakfast or at dinner. Sir George Simpson came to see me and was good enough to place me on the sick list with nothing to do until the Saskatchewan brigade returned from York Factory.

Council was called for half-past nine a.m. It consisted of the governor (Sir George), the Chief Factor in charge of Norway House, the Chief Factor in charge of Lac du Pluie district, the Chief Factor in charge of Saskatchewan, the Chief Factors from Mackenzie river, from Athabasca, from Peace river, from Isle a la Crosse, from Red river, from Cumberland and from York Factory.

The council was held behind closed doors, and with an interval of an hour for dinner was kept up till five o'clock p.m. Everthing was discussed and arranged for the coming year for the Northern Department, which reached from the American border along the Rockies to the Arctic ocean and east to the Hudson Bay and Fort William.

After breakfast an amusing thing occurred which at first seemed likely to result in a tragedy. Mons. de S., in charge of Isle a la Crosse, was a French-Canadian, very excitable and passionate, and very brave. This gentleman sent a formal challenge to a Mr. S., who belonged to one of the old Scotch families settled in Canada, a very cool man, a perfect gentleman, and noted for his personal courage.

Mr. S. was astonished to receive the challenge, and desired to be informed when and in what manner he had incurred Mons. de S.'s resentment; but all he could get out of his challenger was: "I vill not be insulted by any one man; I vill shoot him or he vill shoot me."

Finally Mr. S. said: "If my friend insists upon it I suppose I must oblige him." So an arrangement was made for a meeting to take place on the following morning. Sir George, hearing of it, enquired of Mons. de S. what Mr. S. had done to insult him. "He called me a 'miserable' at breakfast this morning and I vill shoot him or he vill shoot me," was the reply.

"Certainly," said Sir George. "Now I remember he did make use of that expression, and I will not interfere further." He then called Mr. S. aside and told him how surprised he was to hear that he, Mr. S., had at the public mess table called Mons. de S. a miserable being.

Mr. S. denied having done so, but the Governor insisted that he himself had heard it. This greatly astonished Mr. S., who was quite at a loss.

It seems that Mr. S. and Mons. de S. slept in adjoining rooms with but a thin board partition between. Mons. de S. was a very heavy snorer and rather touchy about it. Mr. S. had appeared late for breakfast that morning, and when Sir George remarked it, explained that "that confounded 'miserable' kept me awake all night." This remark Mons. de S. had appropriated to himself. It really referred however to the novel "Les Miserables" which Mr. S. had got hold of and becoming interested, never having met with the book before, had continued reading till near daylight. Sir George had seen the joke at once, and in a spirit of fun had kept it going all day, divulging the secret only at the dinner in the evening in time to prevent real mischief. Needless to say the only shots that were fired were from the necks of Hudson's Bay D.B. bottles.

To be Continued

SIMON FRASER

(1776-1862)

THE Simon Fraser Memorial, donated by the Hudson's Bay Company, was quietly set in place at the St. Andrew's churchyard cemetery near Cornwall, Ontario, in September, 1921. The following inscription was placed on the monument:

> *"IN MEMORY OF SIMON FRASER, EXPLORER, BORN 1776, DIED 1862. WHILE IN THE EMPLOY OF THE NORTH WEST COMPANY HE CONDUCTED IMPORTANT EXPLORATIONS AND PIONEER WORK PRINCIPALLY IN THE AREA NOW KNOWN AS BRITISH COLUMBIA, WHICH HE HELPED TO SECURE FOR THE BRITISH. HE LED THE FIRST EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO DESCEND THE GREAT RIVER WHICH BEARS HIS NAME, REACHING THE GULF OF GEORGIA ON JULY 2ND, 1808. THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED IN 1921 BY THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY OVER THE GRAVE WHERE HE AND HIS WIFE LIE BURIED."*

SIMON FRASER, partner in the famous fur company of Nor' Westers, earned the right to be ranked among the great Canadian explorers when in 1808 he embarked upon the mighty British Columbian river that bears his name and followed its unknown course through a dark wilderness never traversed by white men from the mountains to the sea.

This great river had been sighted first by Alexander Mackenzie on June 17th, 1793, and by Fraser himself in 1806, but both had considered it to be the Columbia, and it was not until Fraser carried on his explorations to the verge of the Pacific that it was determined to be a different stream.

It was in late May of 1908 that Fraser, with John Stuart, Jules Quesnel and twenty-one voyageurs and Indians, departed from Fort George on their

Simon Fraser

great adventure. They were aware of the tremendous difficulties of the undertaking. Indian medicine men told of wild white waters in which canoes would be tossed and crushed like the leaves of autumn; they intoned solemn warnings of savage tribes that dwelt along the course of this tortuous stream where it foamed through lowering canyons to the far southwest and presented opportunity for deadly ambush. The great river did not eventually join the ocean, said the old Indian chiefs, but it debouched into a broad lake, of which the waters were bitter and unpalatable.

Undeterred by these disquieting legends, Fraser steadily drove his little fleet of birchbarks toward the setting sun. Many laborious portages strained the endurance of the hardy explorers almost to the breaking point. Canoes were rent on jagged rocks and hastily paddled and poled ashore to be upturned and repaired while danger lurked in the wild fastnesses about him.

At last the difficulties of navigation became so formidable that Fraser ordered the flotilla of canoes to be cached and the explorers breasted the wilderness afoot.

After nine days of struggling through the primeval growth that lined the river's course, they came to a large and rapid river which flowed from the east. This new stream they promptly named the Thompson in honour of David Thompson, Fraser's friend, and astronomer to the North West Company.

Continuing along the main stream, six days afterwards the party arrived at what is now known as Spuzzum. Three days later they emerged from the canyons and encountered a large band of Indians, who displayed extreme hostility. They were preparing to oppose the passage of the explorers when Fraser with the determination and quickness of action for which he was noted, seized one of their largest canoes, embarked his men and escaped. After three days' paddling they reached the mouth of the great river and discovered that it emptied into the Strait of Georgia.

The latitude of the river's outlet was found to be about 49°, thus clearly establishing that it was not the Columbia they had been descending, for that river was known to enter the Pacific about a hundred and eighty miles further south.

Simon Fraser was the son of Simon Fraser, a United Empire loyalist and a Scotch Roman Catholic, descendant of the titled family of Lovat.

At the age of fourteen young Simon was sent to school at Montreal; at sixteen he joined the North West Company as clerk and at twenty-six he was made a partner or *Bourgeois* among the Nor' Westers.

Fraser conducted many other explorations in British Columbia between the time he first crossed the Rockies in 1805 under orders from the Nor' Westers to make trading arrangements with the coast tribes and the time of his retirement before the amalgamation of the North West Company with the Hudson's Bay Company.

He discovered and named the Stuart river and Stuart lake; he founded Fort St. James, now a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, Fraser lake post and Fort George. Fraser was superintendent of New Caledonia for the Nor' Westers from 1805 to 1809. On his retirement from the North West Company he was offered a knighthood, which he declined. Fraser passed away at St. Andrews, near Cornwall, Ontario, on April 19th, 1862.

NOTE—The Beaver is indebted to the public archives of Canada for extracts from Captain John T. Waldron's work, "British Columbia Coast Names," for useful information in connection with the life and explorations of Simon Fraser

LETHBRIDGE
Store News

THE Lethbridge H. B. A. A. held a business meeting and social at the home of Mr. J. Young last month to elect officers and draw up a programme of social events for the fall and winter. The business meeting was followed by dancing, cards and music.

After several weeks' suffering from typhoid, Charles W. Briggs was called by death, and his passing has meant a great loss to us. "Charlie," as he was called by everyone, was manager of the grocery department, and prior to coming here was serving in the Macleod branch of H. B. C. Four months previous to his death he was married to Miss Beatrice Goodhand, of Calgary.

Mrs. E. Mars, who is in charge of the ladies' wear department, was forced to absent herself from her duties owing to sickness and spent several days in the hospital,

G. P. Burns, manager of the shoe department, was also a patient in the Van Harrlem hospital suffering from a slight attack of fever.

A. Walton has proven that the rumor that he was a woman hater is not true, for since his transfer from the men's wear department to the shoe department he wears a smile that won't come off, especially when delving in ladies' footwear.

Mrs. E. Mars and the Messrs. J. E. and W. Thomson and J. Young were in Calgary last month buying at the European sample rooms from Messrs. White and Milne, the representatives.

MOST INCONVENIENT

In the departed days a somewhat befuddled guest appeared unsteadily before the desk of a smart hotel and demanded in thick but firm tones that his room be changed.

"I'm sorry," the clerk humored him. "But all the rooms are taken."

"Mush have 'nother room," insisted the guest.

"What's the matter with the room you have now?"

"Well, if you mush know," explained the dissatisfied tenant, "ish on fire!"

Puzzle Prize Winners

AS there are two correct solutions to the "Pig, Cow and Sheep" puzzle, printed in the last issue, two prizes of $2 each offered for first correct solutions sent to the Puzzle Editor have been awarded to the following:

First Solution—

Miss W. Greenfield, Winnipeg Retail

Second Solution—

Mr. H. H. Busch, Montizambert, Ont.

Others who sent in correct solutions are as follows:

SOLUTION NO. 1

5 cows at $5.00 each	$ 25.00
11 sheep at $3.00 each	33.00
84 pigs at .50 each	42.00
100 animals	$100.00

Name.	Branch	Department
E. Mapstone	*Winnipeg*	*Accounting*
John McMurray	*Winnipeg*	
Miss. W. Greenfield	*Winnipeg*	*Retail*
Miss Ellen Cail	*Winnipeg*	"
Allan McLean	*Winnipeg*	
Mildred A. Garbutt	*Winnipeg*	*Land*
L. Matthews	*Winnipeg*	*Wholesale*
Ethel Smeaton	*Winnipeg*	"
Wm. A. Edmonds	*Winnipeg*	"
F. A. Vandrick	*Saskatoon*	"
Mabel A. Robison	*Saskatoon*	"
Mrs. A. Miller	*Edmonton*	
May Megahy	*Edmonton*	*Retail*
B. Mercier	*Edmonton*	
Edward N. Oakley	*Calgary*	
Aaron Hunt	*Calgary*	*Retail*
Lawrence Gillespie	*Calgary*	"
Miss A. Davis	*Vancouver*	"
F. A. Wilson	*Vancouver*	"
C. Clark	*Vancouver*	"
Archibald Mitchell	*Vancouver*	"
Frederick Coffey	*Lethbridge*	*Accounting*
Geo. R. Robson	*Esquimalt*	
Victor Isbister	*Vancouver*	*Delivery*
William Gray	*Redcliffe*	
Mrs. K. McKivor		
Miss L. McEachern	*Nelson*	
F. Haldane	*Prince Albert*	*Fur Trade*
H. G Stannard		
I. J. Grant		

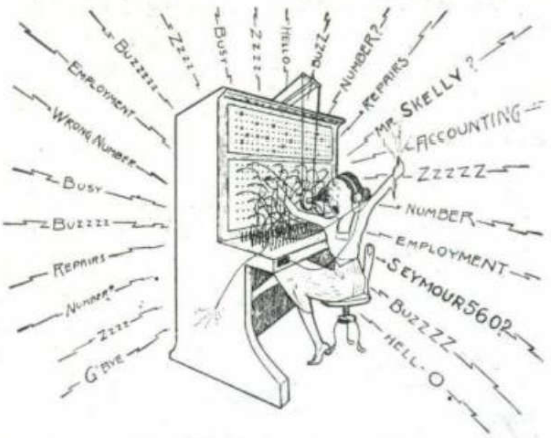
SOLUTION NO. 2.

10 cows at $5.00 each	$ 50.00
2 sheep at $3.00 each	6.00
88 pigs at .50 each	44.00
100 animals	$100.00

Name.	*Branch*	*Department*
H. H. Busch	*Montizambert*	*Fur Trade*
W. M. Ross	*North Bay*	"
E. Berge	*Calgary*	*Retail*
W. H. Smallwood	*Calgary*	"
James Goodman	*Calgary*	"
A. W. Kerslake	*Calgary*	"
Miss. D Pettifer	*Edmonton*	"
Ethel F. Martin	*Edmonton*	"
Miss E. Battersby	*Edmonton*	"
R. Mercier	*Edmonton*	"
Jas. C. Wright	*Edmonton*	"
Mrs. Tanner		
B. A. Everitt	*Winnipeg*	*Land*
W. A. Mitchell	*Winnipeg*	*Retail*
Robert Maxwell	*Winnipeg*	"
Mrs. Aitken	*Winnipeg*	"
A. Montgomery	*Winnipeg*	*Fur Trade*
Fred Parkes	*Winnipeg*	
V. M. MacDonald	*Winnipeg*	*Wholesale*
E. Carruthers	*Vancouver*	*Retail*
E. W. Beaty	*Vancouver*	"
J. W. Lawson	*Vancouver*	*Credit*
Miss Doreen Watson	*Vancouver*	*Retail*
P. Patmore	*Montreal*	*Fur Trade*
Dorothy C. Woods	*Fort William*	"
Edith Kimball	*Raymond, Alta.*	

VANCOUVER

Retail Store Notes



The Switchboard Operator

Mrs. Margaret Blair, noted lecturer and late professor in the Minnesota School of Art, has been giving a series of lectures to crowded audiences in the store. Her long experience in the school of domestic art has specially fitted her for the lecture field, and the full comprehension of her subjects enables her to speak in a most convincing way.

Vancouver is to be congratulated on having secured her services.

D. W. Winslow is back from his buying trip and vacation. His return is already noticed in the movement along social lines of the H. B. E. A.

A football team is now organized and practices have already started. Mr. F. Wise is captain. The team has already visions of the mercantile championship.

Store Appointments

C. Poole has received the appointment of manager and buyer for the grocery department on the retirement of J. R. Richdale. All his colleagues wish him success in his new undertaking, and congratulate him on his appointment.

During the temporary absence of Miss S. L. McLean from the country order department, S. H. Partridge is managing the department.

Jack McLean is filling the position of assistant to the advertising manager in place of Mrs. Jack Hawkshaw, recently retired.

The Cost of Landing Merchandise

By F. A. WILSON

Traffic Manager, Vancouver

DURING periods of merchandise shortage the cost landed drops into second place when compared with speedy deliveries, but under ordinary conditions the keeping of landing charges within the lowest possible limits is of the utmost importance.

In addition to the items already mentioned by Mr. Kaufman in the October issue as affecting freight rates, certain concessions may sometimes be obtained by requesting publication of better rates where obviously abnormal and unjust charges are in effect. This can usually be accomplished by application to the proper officials of the transportation companies, but in case of dispute the matter can always be referred to the Board of Railway Commissioners.

Another factor which is often overlooked is the minimum shipment. By a close co-operation between buyers and traffic managers, this can be largely avoided. It has been our experience that certain shippers are at fault in this connection and at one time our losses were over $40 per month through this medium alone. Since taking up the question, however, we have succeeded in practically eliminating these losses altogether.

I would also like to bring to the notice of traffic managers the question of excessive charges for packing cases. We have found it necessary to take this matter up with several suppliers and in one instance we charged back $60 at one time to one shipper. This of course represented several shipments over a period during which the charges were being disputed.

The importance of the proper handling of pilferage and damage claims can scarcely be over estimated, and although this does not directly affect the landed cost it does affect the store and department concerned, and comes within the province of the traffic manager. He must become possessed of all the facts in every case and must be able to form an opinion from the evidence available as to how or where the loss is likely to have occurred. Sometimes the payment of the claim hinges on a most trivial or unusual circumstance, and if this is overlooked the loss of the amount involved will result. When a claim is declined and its collection finally abandoned the traffic manager should have already learned the exact cause and should take all possible steps to prevent the loss of a similiar claim in future.

The customs tariff affords another almost limitless field for controversy. Take for consideration the items which are indefinite and difficult of interpretation, the numerous rules and regulations to most of which some sort of penalty is attached, and the inclination of customs officers to give their department the benefit of the doubt, and you have a problem presenting many possibilities and one which calls for constant attention if the most favorable rates and rulings are to be obtained. The wide-awake traffic manager must devote a great deal of time to the study of the ever-changing regulations in order to show the best results.

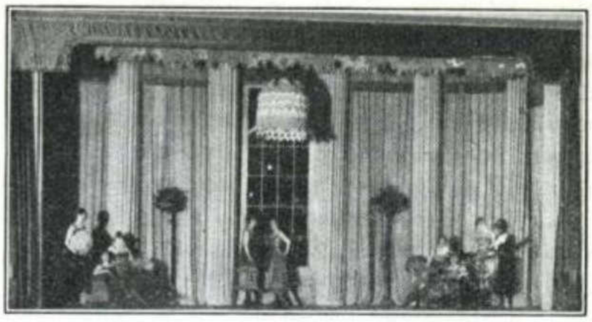
I think that it is up to the traffic managers of the Company to bring more to the foreground the benefits which it is possible for the Company to derive through intelligent, prompt, efficient and up-to-date traffic service.

WANTED—A mathematical shark who can tell me what my ad of last Thursday will cost me if it occupied an acute angle triangle of space 1.34 inch at top and .76 inch on lower sides; when newspaper space costs 70 cents per column inch and is going up all the time. Apply Mr. Wilson, shoe department.

BULLDOG FOR SALE—Will eat anything; is very fond of children.

FUR STORAGE—Ladies, protect your skins. We will keep them in cold storage for you during the summer months.

WANTED—A herder for 500 sheep that can speak Spanish fluently.



The Models on Allen Theatre Stage

Successful Style Promenade

VANCOUVER Store's, Fall Fashion Revue, said to be the most successful ever held in B. C., was viewed last month at the Allen theatre by 20,000 people.

Profiting by the experience of last year's fashion revue, Mr. W. R. Boyle, the Company's ready-to-wear manager, staged a fashion show at Vancouver's fashionable theatre that (according to reports by connoisseurs) surpassed any previous fashion show ever held in the West.

The performance was given twice daily before crowded houses who showed their approval of both styles and mannequins by rounds of applause.

The models who so effectively displayed the new styles were:

Misses Grace MacDonald, M. Rudman, Dorothy Ridley, S. Stratton, Helen Gagnon, Lee Wright, Mrs. Sadie Young, Mrs. P. Thompson.

The pages in attendance were:

Misses Florence Perks and Ena Merrick.

Those assisting were:

Misses A. Cairns, M. Sweet, Violet Cleaver, M. Ledger, Anne Comber, and Mrs. L. Powell.

Reputation as an Asset

ONE of the disadvantages that attend abnormal rises in prices is that buyers are tempted to dwell unduly on the cost of an article, and to put quality in a secondary position. When prices were normal, before war conditions upset the established order, a quotation much below what was then a recognised price would have been accepted as a warning to the buyer that the goods were likely to be of an inferior quality. At the present time there is a disposition in some quarters to welcome a low price regardless of the fact that it may have been rendered possible by a sacrifice of quality.

This applies particularly to sections of the public ill-informed on trade subjects and too often misled by reckless statements in the lay press. For the buyer to yield to an unreasoning demand for cheaper goods would be a mistake; for the manufacturer to do so would be to jeopardise his reputation for reliability. There is no ground whatever for the foolish suggestion that prices are being held up by combines.

The truth is that competition is keen, far too keen to permit of any artificial inflation of prices. Prices are high because all productive costs are high. It is necessary that this should be emphasised. The desired move in the downward direction is likely to be slow, not spectacular.

The Integrity of British Goods

British manufacturers are anxious to develop overseas trade, and a great effort is being made to that end. They recognise, however, that to secure orders by offering rubbish at low prices is a policy wholly to be condemned. It is a matter of history how Japan lost a splendid chance during the war of building up an immense export trade in textiles.

The demand in Europe far exceeded the available supply, and for a time the Japs did a big business. It is notorious that huge quantities of textile goods, including hosiery and underwear, of Japanese manufacture, were of such wretched quality as to damage that country's commercial reputation for many years to come. With confidence it can be asserted that British manufacturers have preferred to lose orders rather than debase their productions. They have never forgotten that trade is not worth the price if it is secured at the cost of goodwill.

Keen Competition and Quality

In the keen competition for trade that is taking place the temptation to cut prices is very strong. There is good reason for saying that Germany is endeavoring to recapture her lost trade with the bait of low quotations. As to this, the testimony of Mr. Hoover, the United States secretary of commerce, may be of interest, and can certainly be accepted as devoid of bias in favour of British goods. Mr. Hoover states that the Germans are experiencing much trouble in connection with orders they have secured through low-priced quotations. They "are finding it impossible to produce goods up to pre-war quality." He concludes that German competition in the field of foreign trade is showing signs of weakening. Let the overseas buyer beware of prices excessively low. They are only possible to-day if quality is sacrificed. No one is more desirous of getting prices down than the British textile manufacturer. He appreciates the extent to which high selling prices restrict consumption, but the conditions are beyond his control. By every legitimate means he is effecting economies in productive costs, but he is determined to uphold the high reputation of British textiles in the world's markets. This his customers appreciate. He wants trade, but he prizes his commercial good name too highly to increase his turnover by the adoption of means that would discredit him later on. British export trade is being built on the firm foundation of good, honest value. It may take a little longer so to build, but the superstructure so erected will endure.

We are constrained to dwell upon this aspect of trade because there is evidence that some of the competition British firms are being called upon to meet in the overseas markets is of the kind that relies upon low prices instead of good quality. The conditions that prevail encourage such methods, but the retailer has a reputation to maintain as well as the manufacturer, and he will find, in the long run, that it pays to stand by reliability. The public may be misled for a time, but they will forget the price long before they forget their disappointment at getting goods of bad quality. The buyer of the British textiles will remember the quality long after he has forgotten the price. It is a good rule to put quality first, because it is really the essential feature where textile goods are concerned.—*The Drapers' Record.*

VICTORIA
Store News

The following buyers from Victoria paid flying visits last month to Calgary for the purpose of viewing samples of European merchandise and placing orders for Spring business:

Mr. W. G. Florence—Dress goods, silks and staples.
Mr. J. A. Davidson—Neckwear, handkerchiefs, laces, notions and ribbons.
Mr. A. N. Musgrove—Gloves, hosiery, leather goods.
Mr. E. Martin—Carpets and draperies.
Miss McLaren—Whitewear.
Mr. J. Hunter—Men's and boys' department.

Miss J. Grimason visited the Seattle markets with the object of replenishing her Fall and Winter stock of ready-to-wear.

Congratulations are due to Mr. A. N. Musgrove on being appointed buyer for hosiery, gloves and leather goods department.

At the time of going to press, one of our third floor buyers is anxiously awaiting the arrival of a new assistant.

Congratulations to Mr. T. W. Simpson, assistant buyer in staples and dress goods department, on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Rose Padmore, of Winnipeg. The wedding took place quietly on October 12th at the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, of Vancouver.

Managers' Meeting

THE first get-together meeting of buyers and managers since the opening of the store was held at the beginning of last month. Mr. Porte presided and after an excellent repast, which was a credit to our genial restaurant manager, Mr. Bond, plans were formulated for the coming month's business and various subjects concerning store activities were discussed with great interest.

Proposals were made for the formation of a Social and Welfare Association for Hudson's Bay employees, and it is hoped that during the coming months several gatherings of a social nature will be arranged. We are fortunate in having three or four members on our staff who have had valuable experience in the organizing of social and athletic clubs.

Cupid at Work

CUPID is already threatening to entice away some of the most promising members of our staff. At any rate it is rumoured that Miss Inis Jones, of the grocery department, is shortly to become a bride, and we understand there are others to follow. And so soon after the opening, too! However, congratulations are in order.

Smart young Lady (at drug counter) —"Can I have some powder, please?"

The Mere Man Behind the Counter (absent-mindedly) —"Yes, madam — gun, face or bug?"

Overheard in the Kitchen

"Can you skin fish?"

"Can you clean fish?"

"Can you pop the tail through the eye?"

"D——! There is a man in there and he can't even cook an omelet!"

The "Victorian" Dining Room

Victoria's New Shopping Centre

SINCE the opening of Hudson's Bay store that part of Douglas street between Herald street and Johnson street is surely coming into its own. Instead of the two or three occasional pedestrians of three months ago we now have hundreds of people passing up this way, not only during the daytime but during the evenings as well. Our beautiful window displays are responsible for most of the evening crowds.

Several new stores have commenced business in the last month or two and the old wooden structures opposite Hudson's Bay store are soon to give way to a modern business block.

In a very short while the Hudson's Bay store should be the chief centre of the city's shopping district.

An Eye To Economy

Here's the newest Scotch story:

Donald had borrowed three pipesful of tobacco from his fellow-workman, Sandy. Getting a new bag, he offered to repay it.

"No," said Sandy, "I'll no be taking it now."

"Tak it, mon," insisted Donald.

"No," said Sandy, viewing his carbonized pipe. "I'll be cleaning my pipe after kirk on the Sabbath, an' I'll tak it frae you on Monday."

A Man's Work

Two very pretty girls met on the street and kissed each other rapturously. Two young men watched the meeting. "There's another of those things that are so unfair," said one.

"What is that?" said his friend.

He pointed to the scene: "Women doing men's work."

EDMONTON

Retail Store News

Mrs. Astley, our operator, upon her resignation after four years of active service, was the recipient from her fellow employees of a handsome piece of cut glass. Mrs. Astley was looked upon as a most trusted and competent operator by the management, and her valued services are bound to be missed. It has been said that during the whole of this time Mrs. Astley was never known to be late for business once.

Miss Etheleen McEwen has been promoted to the silks department, and from all accounts is making good.

Miss June Boyle and *Miss Gordon* are two newcomers to the store and we are pleased to welcome them to our ever-increasing family of employees.

Mrs. MacIntosh, of the hardware department, has succeeded Mrs. Astley as telephone operator. We wish her the best of success in this important position.

Mr. Briggs, buyer for the ladies' whitewear section, is back from a week's hunting trip. He reports great sport with the chickens.

Mr. Secord, buyer for the ladies' ready-to-wear department, is away on an extensive buying trip in order to secure special lines for the big Thanksgiving sale which will shortly be put on.

A. and A. A. Notes

ARRANGEMENTS are well on the way for a series of whist drives, concerts and dances to be held during the winter months, and great enthusiasm has already been shown by the staff. These events were a great success last year and it is hoped to make them more interesting than ever during the coming season. Our activities will be announced from time to time throughout the season in these columns.

Co-operation Put This Sale Over

ALTHOUGH not by any means a new venture, H. B. C. Edmonton store recently conducted the most successful sale in its history.

A meeting of the buyers, together with the advertising and display managers, was called by Mr. Harker to devise some means to stimulate business.

It was suggested by Mr. Chasey, buyer for the men's clothing sections, that a department managers' sale be staged. This was readily agreed to and a working committee was immediately formed, consisting of Mr. Chasey (chairman), Mr. Secord, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Pallett, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Stapells, Mr. Prest and Mr. Digney. The entire carrying out of the arrangements was handed over to this committee by the manager.

Various schemes were adopted to make this sale a success, such as publishing the photographs of the various buyers with individual appeals to the public on the merits of the merchandise offered in their respective departments.

Attractive banners announcing the sale on the delivery cars, large flags on the roof of the building with similar announcements, special window and interior displays and last but not least the flying each afternoon at 5 o'clock from the observation tower of two hundred balloons, many of them with coupons attached entitling the finder to merchandise valued from $1.00 to $5.00.

The multitude of children who daily thronged the streets adjoining the store proved a big drawing card, as each day the crowd was noticeably greater. All kinds of devices were used by the ingenious to catch the balloons as they floated on the breeze—nets on the end of long poles being particularly in evidence.

Three money prizes were also donated to departments showing the best results with "rebates" being taken into consideration.

Mr. Secord, buyer for the ladies' ready-to-wear section, was easily first, with Mr. Briggs, buyer for the whitewear and infants' departments, second and Mr. Robinson, buyer for the drug section, third.

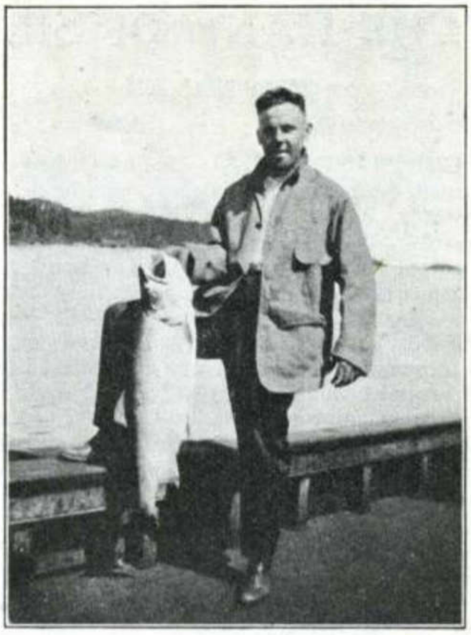
There has never been a sale in which the whole staff entered into it with such enthusiasm, from department manager to delivery boys, and it is the intention of the management to make this an annual event.

The results of this sale were beyond all expectations—those of the last seven days being almost as good as on the opening day.

There Must Be a Lot of Tough Kids in This Town—These ads appeared in a local store window:

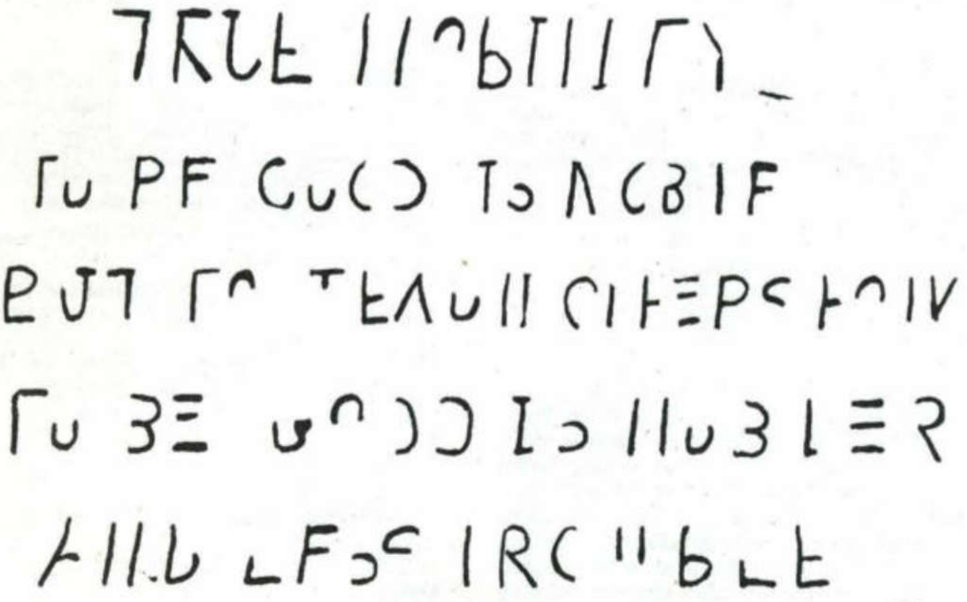
"We have secured shoes for boys that are 100 per cent. leather."

"Women's combinations at 98c. These won't last long."



MR. A. ANDERSON, of the Fort William District office, with his 30-pound trout caught while on his holidays near Rossport, Ont. It was caught with a rod and troll, and required the efforts of himself and another to haul it into the boat from which they were fishing. Some of our gallant western fishermen will have to "go some" to equal this one—J. H. A. Wilmot.

THE ADD-A-LINE PUZZLE



HERE is a puzzle that at first glance looks much more difficult to solve than it really is. Just add a line to every letter—filling in the spaces left blank in the wording—and, presto! the story appears. It's easy when you learn the trick.

First three readers turning in correct solutions will receive $1 each. Address Puzzle Editor, *The Beaver*.

THE LAND OF SILENCE—BY GEORGE R. RAY MOOSE FACTORY

CHAPTER III

"Take It From Me"

ACCEPTING the MacDonalds' hospitality until such time as his camp should be ready, Inspector Blake left Corporal Watson and Constable Wilkins—the remaining members of his patrol party—to make camp, a headquarters for the time they remained in the neighborhood, knowing well that the work would be done satisfactorily. A number of half-breeds attracted by an overwhelming curiosity as to what business had brought the "Mounties" there, their future movements, and craving, no doubt, news of the outside world, hurried to the scene and helped with the work, and the camp was quickly completed.

Leaving the obliging, if inquisitive, half-breeds to gather fuel for the night, Corporal Watson started for the Company's store. It was his duty to obtain information of any new settlers, to leave no strangers unnoticed; he must be prepared to give an account of everything and he was accordingly anxious that no time should be lost in getting acquainted with the affairs of the community. Information was easily and quickly obtained from the store clerk. Constable Wilkins tagged along to replenish the commissariat.

Corporal Watson was a man of some thirty years of age, of medium height, with a slight, well-knit figure, dark features, eyes small, clear gray and as piercing as those of a cat, and hands that continually made gestures. An exceedingly alert, tremendously aggressive fellow was Watson. The arrest of a desperate criminal single-handed had obtained for him his corporal's stripes; he now looked forward to a not too distant day when he should obtain his sergeancy. Urged by ambition, he devoted all his energies to the execution of his duties.

As for Constable Wilkins, he was the corporal's typical opposite. Standing six feet in his socks, broad of shoulder, deep of chest, with a large, round boyish face and big shy, blue eyes, his every inch of stalwart manhood seemed to radiate an atmosphere of cheery good nature. An impetuous, big-hearted fellow, Wilkins, and as might be expected from that frank, boyish face, those shy, blue eyes, he took his police duties lightly, clearly a round peg in a square hole.

The store to which the couple wended their way was a long, commodious, two-story log building. On the left, as one entered the door, there were shelves upon shelves of dry goods, while in the rear on each side of a door large quantities of hardware and canned goods were displayed. A substantial counter, running down the left and across the back, formed with the front and right walls a square of sufficient floor space to accommodate a great number of Indians and, if required, their sleds and other paraphernalia. In the centre of this square stood a carron stove of sufficient heating capacity to keep the atmosphere of the whole building at a comfortable temperature, even in zero weather.

Windows in the front and rear walls gave plenty of light. A flight of stairs standing against the right wall, towards the rear, led to an upper room from outside the counter, while the right wall itself was thickly studded with large spikes from which hung a motley display of gear which is dear to the heart of an Indian. Everywhere there were large quantities of supplies; things useful and ornamental; things for every conceivable activity of Indian life; spurs to greater efforts at hunting, or sources of envy and cupidity, according to the nature of the individual. The public entrance to the building was by a door in front, while the door, already noticed, in the rear served for private purposes only. Access to the latter from the front was by a flap in the rear portion of the counter.

With the interior arrangements of the Company's store fully understood, we will proceed with our story.

By this time the members of the "Force" had reached their destination; the constable had made his purchases, as a number of neat packages lying on the counter before him was visible evidence, and the corporal was making his inquiries and carefully noting the clerk's answers in his book. Wilkins, growing tired of this, was gathering up his parcels to take leave when Chief Factor MacDonald entered by the door in the rear to give some instructions anent the welfare of the arrivals. Marjorie accompanied her father on an errand from her mother.

The party exchanged greetings.

"We are glad to have the pleasure of seeing you again, corporal," boomed the Chief Factor. "Rogers will give you whatever provisions you need and if there is anything further we can do to make your stay more agreeable and comfortable, you must let us know."

The corporal acknowledged the hospitality with a slight bow. "We shall not fail to avail ourselves of your kind offices, sir."

"Well, mind you do not forget. You are heartily welcome."

Watson made his further acknowledgments a little impatiently; he had been interrupted in the execution of his office and his devotion to duty was struggling hard with his sociability. He stood uneasily while MacDonald spoke the commonplaces which the situation seemed to call for, responded but half-heartedly and broke through the other's casual phrases at last with painful abruptness.

"Has anything happened about here, sir," he asked, at once giving the conversation an official turn.

"There has been no robbery or burglary, if that is what you mean," answered MacDonald with a laugh. "But we've work for you just the same."

"Ah!" ejaculated the zealous non-com, instantly alert.

"We've been troubled with bootleggers to some extent."

The corporal's face fell. "Bah! if that is all there is not much harm."

"But your coming will scare them away, I fancy."

"Very possibly," replied the corporal, adding somewhat arrogantly, "They have an awful fear of us fellows. It's generally them for the tall timber when we come near."

"Well, I hope you will unearth the scoundrels."

"We shall, if they start anything while we are here—you can take it from me."

MacDonald remained chatting with the corporal a few minutes longer, then turned to his daughter, who was holding a lively conversation with Constable Wilkins, with an indulgent smile. The silver ringing tones of his daughter's voice were as sweet to his ears as the music of the gods, and pride and love filled his eyes as they ran over her face and figure. "Come along, Marjorie," he said, "we are keeping your mother waiting.

But the girl was not to be hurried. Wilkins had brought her some copies of the latest magazines and she was making no pretense of hiding her delight

"Give Marjorie what she wants, Rogers," ordered MacDonald, turning to the clerk, "and let us be gone."

"A tin of aluminum paint, please, Mr. Rogers," cried the girl without turning her head.

"I shall have to get it from the depot, sir," explained the clerk, moving off.

"Then we will come with you," decided the Chief Factor. "Come, Marjorie."

"One minute, dad," pleaded the girl, laughing and catching her parent's arm and holding him while she turned once more to the constable. "Thank you so much, Constable Wilkins. I shall enjoy myself immensly with these," hugging the magazines to her breast.

The corporal turned an amused eye on his comrade, who stood in awkward embarassment, blushing to the roots of his hair. Words did not come to him with ease when words were required among any but his accustomed associates.

I—I hope you will, Miss," stammered the big fellow.

"I shall, very much indeed," the girl assured him as she moved away on her father's arm.

"And don't forget, corporal," said MacDonald, stopping and turning to the N. C. O., "if there is anything we can do to assist you, you may rely upon it that we shall not only be willing, but even eager to do so."

At the door the girl turned and waved her hand gaily to both members of the Force, "Good-by."

"Good-by, Miss," they called after her.

"*Some* girl," said Wilkins when she had gone. "I'd go through hell for *her*."

"What!" vociferated the corporal with scornful amusement. "You? You poor fool!"

"Yes, me," admitted Wilkins, staunchly. "I'm crazy about her. And I am not ashamed of it," he finished aggressively.

"Well, you had better make less noise about it," warned his companion.

"For why?"

"Why?" retorted the corporal, trying to assume a look of commiseration. "You poor simp, do you think you are the only insect around the glim? The Old Man fell for her, the last time we were here."

"Inspector Blake!"

"Yep! and he's ready to put the momentous question any old time; though he's about as much show as an Eskimo. It's Bob Armstrong who is the white-haired boy."

"Bob Armstrong!"

"Yep! He's the one choice of the fair Marjorie—you can take it from me."

There was a moment's silence.

"It was very decent of the Chief Factor," remarked the constable. "He seems a pretty good sort."

"Yes," agreed the other man, "one of the best, though there are moments when a charge of TNT is as a five-cent squib to him."

"How's that?" asked Wilkins, puzzled by this contradictory eulogism.

"When things go wrong, he blows up like a charge of dynamite. Piff!" (a few swift movements of the hands eloquently expressed the speaker's meaning) "Just like that. But that's all there is to it. He's quick to fly off the handle but cools down just as quickly and it is all over; bears no malice. The MacDonald temper is well known in the North."

"Seems to me," commented the constable, "that the Company's officers are a ticklish lot, the whole boiling of 'em."

"Oh, I don't know about that," demurred the corporal. "I've met quite a few of 'em, and done a lot of business with them at one time and another, and I've always found them first-rate chaps. They're a pretty good bunch when you know how to take them; you've got to make allowances. You see, they have been kings of the North so long that they find it hard to adjust themselves to the changing conditions; the thought of the Company being no longer in supreme authority in the northern wilderness is a bitter pill for them to swallow, and they look upon us as meddlers and interlopers. And no wonder! Remember their beloved Company was incubated in sixteen hundred something-or-other, while we are pretty much a new creation in comparison. It is rather hard on the old fellows for us, even if we do represent the king and all the rest of it, to come along and depose them."

"They're hard-headed old fellows," remarked Wilkins, "and there's been some rum things happened I'll be bound."

"As how?"

"Oh, I've read stories——"

"Bunkum! Pure and unadulterated bunkum! Indian legends, my boy."

"But I've read——" insisted the constable.

"I know," said his companion, cutting him short, "I've read 'em myself and enjoyed 'em, but they're just fiction, something new in plots, that's all. Those writer chappies have to stretch their imagination some to get by—the old stuff is worn pretty threadbare—and they are not particular whose nose they skin as long as they can make a good story."

The constable partly agreed with him, and for a few moments there was silence. Then the corporal, who was never tired of hearing his own voice, went on oratorically:

"I don't believe the Hudson's Bay Company ever kept their trade rivals out of the country by methods that outraged the standards of ordinary business probity." He paused, well pleased, or so it seemed, with his own phrasing, then went on: "The wild nature of the country; the long, severe winters; the perils of navigation and travel, had more to do with that than any arbitrary methods the Company could have devised. In short, a combination of circumstances placed the Company in an unassailable position, secure from all rivals, and 'what they had, they held', that's all there was to it."

As the speaker concluded, chiefly for want of breath, he became aware that his companion's face wore a broad grin.

"Say," mocked that individual, "talents like yours are sheer wasted in the Force; you should be haranguing thousands from a soap box at some street corner. Billy Sunday's got nothing on you."

"No cheek, young man," warned the corporal sharply. "Just you get back to camp," he ordered, "and spoil more good grub. Stay! beans are of meat-like nutrition all right, all right, but some two hundred straight meals of them is a surfeit, a tax on the stomach. In other words, obliterate them from the menu, dear boy."

"You," snorted the indignant constable, "you ungrateful beast. I've been feeding you the best the whole trip—you're always growling about the grub. You make me tired."

"Feeding!" groaned the corporal with uplifted hands, "beans and bacon, bacon and beans, then more beans and bacon, that's enough to make any fellow sick of the grub. Stir the think tank, lad; use your imagination. Go get a few pointers from MacDonald's cook, that's the big idea."

"Big idea, nothing," retorted the addressed. Then with much gravity he announced: "I *was* thinking of giving you something different."

"That listens good"—"What does your royal stomach say to a little meal of, say, soup, roast turkey with trimmings, fresh spuds, cauliflower with white sauce; to be followed by pumpkin pie and plum pudding and the whole washed down, as the story books have it, with Bass' ale?"

"Cut that," roared Watson, "torturing a helpless fellow that way. Get out of here. Bass' ale! I'd forgot it ever existed."

And just then the door in the rear of the building opened and let in Rogers. With a hearty laugh and a nod of farewell to the clerk, Wilkins gathered up his parcels and took his departure.

"Fine chap, that," said the clerk, looking after him.

"Oh, he's all right," admitted the corporal, "but he's a sentimental ass and a damn bad cook. He's in love with Miss Marjorie."

"There is nothing strange about that," said Rogers with a laugh. "Everbody is."

"Guess you are right, there," agreed Watson. Then bringing forth his pocketbook once more, I've some more questions to ask you."

"You surprise me," said the other man with a laugh.

"Tut, tut!" said the N. C. O., "don't be sarcastic—I'll not keep you long. What kind of man is this fellow Miner? Describe him."

"A thick-set man with red hair."

The corporal gave a visible start and looked up quickly.

"Red hair?"

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Carry on—red hair."

"Shifty, grey eyes, and he is as smooth as a politician."

"Ah! and how does he live?"

"That's a mystery," announced the clerk. "He can buy nothing here."

The corporal looked incredulous. "Orders?" he asked. Rogers nodded.

"Well, that's pretty rank, aint it?"

"I don't know about that," answered Rogers sharply, "it's the Chief's orders and his orders go."

Striking an attitude the corporal quoted:

"My right there is none to dispute:
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

"Still, it's rotten," he contended. "You Hudson's Bay chaps will have to change your ways some when the railway strikes here—take it from me."

Rogers laughed sarcastically. "It's not here yet," he said, "and, at its present rate of progress it is not likely to be for another ten years."

"When did Miner come?" asked Watson, resuming his inquiries. For as much as he loved a controversy, duty always came first.

"He blew in last Fall," replied Rogers, who had reasons of his own, as we shall soon see, to placate the man. "Gave the country the 'once over', built himself a small cabin not far from here, and settled down."

"Who visits him?"

"Oh, some of the locating engineers, prospectors and others drop in on him evenings."

The corporal went through a pantomime of filling an imaginary glass from an imaginary bottle and drinking, then raised his eyebrows questioningly.

"I don't know," said Rogers with a laugh.

The corporal shuffled and dealt an imaginary pack of cards, then again questioned the clerk with a look.

"I can't say," said the amused Rogers.

"Any other strangers?" asked the pantomimist, dropping into speech.

"Oh, there are always men coming and going at the engineers' camps, but I know nothing of them."

"Thanks," said the corporal, shutting his book with a satisfied snap and putting it away; "now I'm wise to the whole situation."

An expression of uneasiness swept over Rogers' face. He hesitated, then, suddenly leaning forward, he said, and his voice was very earnest:

"If you should happen to hear anything against Alec MacDonald, for heaven's sake let his father deal with him."

"Ah! He's a bit wild, eh?"

Rogers nodded. "If he gets into any scrape, you might stretch a point, like a good fellow," he urged.

"My dear chap," replied the corporal airily, "if Alec falls foul of the police, he'll have to take his medicine the same as anyone else—before a magistrate."

"But think of his mother!" implored the clerk. "She dotes on him and she is an invalid."

"It's up to Alec to do the thinking," Corporal Watson told him. "I understand your feelings perfectly, old man, but when a misdemeanor or crime is committed, friendship ceases."

Rogers looked at him with a darkening face.

"Have you no sympathy, no compassion?"

"Dictionary words both, but not found in my 'Constable's Manual'."

Rogers eyes blazed suddenly with anger. He struck an attitude of resentment.

"You're after your other stripe," he declared hotly, "and don't care a damn whom you hurt in getting it."

"You've said a mouthful, young man," said Watson calmly, adding with superb self-confidence, "and if I live I'll be something bigger than a non-commissioned officer—take it from me."

"If I'd thought you would talk that way," retorted the clerk, "I would never have mentioned it."

"Don't let that worry you," said the imperturbable Watson, cooly. "I would have found out some other way. I've a way of finding out anything I want to know. And now if you'll give me those metamorphosed cabbage leaves, I'll hike for camp."

Vouchsafing not a word, Rogers took a box of cigars from a shelf, wrapped it in paper and laid it on the counter before Watson, who, by no means disconcerted, caught up the parcel and placing a corner of it upon his chin proceeded to balance it in the style of the most artistic juggler.

The clerk watched these proceedings in moody silence. He was furious with the man and still more furious with himself to think that he had given the fellow a hint of Alec MacDonald's shortcomings.

Tiring of his juggling feats the offending corporal tilted the parcel into his hands and with a broad grin and an airy "So long, old timer," turned and moved to the door.

Just at that moment the door opened and Alec MacDonald walked in. Both men stopped; the eyes of each searched the other's face. On the corporal's lips was a peculiar smile, on Alec's face was a dark scowl. For a few moments the two men faced each other, with eyes locked; then the young man's were averted, and with a short laugh, Watson went about his business; Alec glaring after him and making horrible grimaces at the door when the man had passed out.

"What's he after?" Alec asked hurriedly, turning to the clerk. "Spying and prying—trying to get something on somebody."

"It's his business to find out what is going on," Rogers told him moodily.

"Well, he had better keep his nose out of my affairs," the young man announced truculently.

Rogers appraised the boy a moment, then:

"Look here, Alec," he warned, "I would be careful while the Mounties are here, if I were you."

"What do you mean?"

"Corporal Watson seemes particularly interested in your friend, Miner," the clerk told him.

"Why?" enquired the boy hastily.

"I don't know; I'm not losing any sleep over *him*—it is *you* who have me scared stiff."

"Me!" exclaimed Alec.

He gave a violent start, his face flushed and then became white. Was it possible that Rogers knew what he had been doing? His eyes sought the clerk's face hurriedly.

"Yes. Miner will get you into trouble," Rogers predicted. "He thinks he has a grievance against your father, and he'll try to get even by getting you tangled up in something."

Alec breathed a sigh of relief. After all Rogers suspected nothing.

"Miner has good reason to be sore," he said surlily.

"That's no way for you to talk," admonished the loyal Rogers, "taking sides against your father. If your father knew how thick you were with that fellow—"

"You're going to sneak, I suppose," the boy broke in.

"No, I'm not. Though I am very much tempted to when I see you stealing into your father's house at one and two in the morning. Come, Alec", Rogers persuaded, "drop that fellow; he is no sort of company for you. Take a tumble to yourself, man; think of your position—of your mother."

"Shut your mouth," shouted the boy with weak fury. "What I do is none of your business." With that he flung himself out of the store and slammed the door behind him.

The clerk looked after him with a pained expression, shaking his head despondently.

To be Continued

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